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MORNING BY THE SEA.

Who has not walked upon the shore,
And who does not the morning
know,

The day the angry gale is o'er,
The hour the wind has ceased to
blow?

The horses of the strong south-west
Are pastured round his tropic tent,
Careless how long the ocean's breast
Sob on and sigh for passion spent.

The frightened birds, that fled inland
To house in rock and tower and tree,
Are gathering on the peaceful strand,
To tempt again the sunny sea.

Whereon the timid ships steal out
And laugh to find their foes asleep,
That lately scattered them about,
And drove them to the fold like
sheep.

The snow-white clouds he northward
chased

Break into phalanx, line, and band;
All one way to the south they haste,
The south, their pleasant fatherland.

From distant hills their shadows
creep,

Arrive in turn and mount the lea,
And flit across the downs, and leap
Sheer off the cliff upon the sea.

And sail and sail far out of sight,
But still I watch their fleecy trains,
That piling all the south with light,
Dapple in France the fertile plains.

Robert Bridges.

PRIDE OF THE DUST.

We shall endure; our children after us
Surely shall cry: "How great our
fathers were!"

Under the threat of powers ominous
They spread their glory till the
blowing air

"Was all astir with rumor, and the
night

Could not be still for pride, but with
quick breath

Sounded their splendors even from
light to light":—

So speaks to dust the dust that
perisheth.

Listen! till silence hear the centuries
Whispering together in a timeless
place

Over the dust of burnt-out memories
And the last ashlar of a vanished
race

What care we for our fathers, that are
wise

Beyond their wisdom? Therefore in
our death

We shall be foolish in our children's
eyes:—

So walls to dust the dust that per-
isheth.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.

The Outlook.

THE WATCHERS.

Men journeying through the western
wastes, for whom

The dark has many dangers, light
with care

A fire at night, and, safe within its
glare,

Eat, sing, and sleep as in an ancient
room

Whose shadowy tapestries the flames
illumine;

While round them blaze, they seem-
ing unaware,

Thousands of round red eyes—the
greedy stare

Of wolves, their forms invisible in the
gloom.

About us also prowls a monstrous
brood,

Fierce famine-thin, revolving cure-
less wrong.

That from the dark observe us all
night long,

While round our fire, blind to that
multitude

At hungry watch, we rest with joke
and song.

Assured unthankfully of warmth and
food.

W. G. Hale.

The Academy.

SOME PROBLEMS OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY.

The American Democrats are in very much the same position to-day as were the British Liberals in 1906. They won last November a great electoral triumph less on their own merits than on the positive and palpable demerits of their opponents. The country turned to them in the main because it was thoroughly exasperated with the Republicans and in headlong revolt against their whole conception of government. But it had no particular confidence in the Democrats, and even to-day, after five months' experience of them in office, it trusts the President far more than it trusts the party behind him. They have still to "make good." In the past two decades they have paid the invariable penalty of protracted exclusion from responsibility by losing touch with the actual facts of administration, by catching at one chimera after another, and by falling into pretty nearly every kind of political excess. There are very few data by which one can estimate their capacity for statesmanship, or the degree in which they are likely to live down their old reputation for empiricism and to overcome their familiar propensity towards a quarrelsome factiousness. America hopes much from them, wishes them well, and will not unnecessarily rake up the past against them. It hopes, one might almost say, too much from them, more than any party or any government in such a world as the present is at all competent to perform. The very extravagance of the expectations that have been aroused by their accession not only to office but to power is, indeed, by no means the least of the obstacles in their path. "Here muster," said President Wilson in his eloquent and moving Inaugural Address, "not the forces of party, but the forces of hu-

manity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do." That is, I believe, no exaggerated interpretation of the mood in which the American people have welcomed the new régime; and not even an Administration of archangels could satisfy all their anticipations. The habit of regarding quite ordinary problems of public policy as though an ecstasy of almost religious emotionalism were needed for their solution is one of the weaknesses of American politics; and there are probably not a few of the shrewder Democrats who are already wishing that the popular confidence in the new heaven and the new earth that are to be the monument of the Sixty-third Congress were not quite so universal.

To an onlooker, at any rate, it seems clear that the Democrats are not really a harmonious party; that the steadfastness and cohesion they displayed during the Presidential campaign argued nothing deeper than a recognition of electioneering necessities; that the same profound cleavage which tore the Republicans asunder last year exists in their ranks, too; that there are personal differences and rivalries among the leaders which may develop into dissensions as the election of 1916 draws nearer; that the South still plays its old demoralizing rôle in the politics of the party; and that while the new Administration has started well and its supporters are determined that it shall not duplicate the unhappy experiences of Mr. Cleveland's second term, by far the greatest asset it possesses is President Wilson and his intelligence and sagacity and his rare gift for strong and unprovocative leadership. Using

directness and common sense and an initiative more common in a British Prime Minister than an American President, Mr. Wilson has succeeded in passing through the House of Representatives a considerable measure of Tariff reduction, will almost certainly procure its adoption by the Senate, and is now grappling not less resolutely with the problems of banking and currency reform. His personal prestige and ascendancy stand out unescapably; the least theatrical of men, he has the quality of being genuinely interesting and dramatic; and as has been the case with Mr. Asquith during the past few months, the indiscretions and shortcomings of certain of his colleagues have only served to throw him into higher relief. Americans prefer a President of flesh and blood, of clear volition and personality, to a Constitutional automaton. That same concentration of authority which has played so large a part in the recent evolution of American industrialism has invaded politics also. Nothing, indeed, has been more remarkable than to watch the steady decline of American faith in legislative assemblies and the corresponding elevation of the executive power. The popular view of a Governor of a State is that he stands between the people and the people's representatives, to protect the former and bridle the latter. The popular view of the President's functions is that he is in the White House to save the nation from Congress. Everywhere throughout America the tendency is to call in autocracy to safeguard democracy against itself. The President stands for the people as a whole, whereas Congressmen and Senators represent only fractions and sections, and as the spokesman of the nation and the guardian of its interests popular opinion is always ready to support him against the leaders of his own party. For this extremely

delicate business of coercing or manipulating Congress to his will Mr. Wilson has so far proved himself to be remarkably qualified; he is quiet, persuasive, and direct; one who can act boldly and pertinently without the least appearance of hectoring, and who does the spectacular or unconventional thing without seeming strained or anxious for effect; and while a certain stiffness of conscience may tempt him to take too much on himself and to revolt from the necessary compromises of politics, and while American affairs are as mercurial and unpredictable as Wall Street itself, there is good ground for thinking that in its conduct of domestic policy his Administration will continue to be one of distinction and success.

But internal questions are not the only ones which the Democrats have found awaiting them. A great change has come over the international position and the foreign interests and problems of the United States since they were last in office. Imperialism has descended upon a once self-contained and isolated nation; dependencies have been acquired and new points of diplomatic contact with both Asia and Europe have been established; the Monroe Doctrine has been converted from a principle of passive prohibition into an instrument of active political and financial surveillance; and with new responsibilities the question of a Navy adequate to their enforcement has become increasingly urgent. To this revolution the Democrats have never accommodated themselves. They opposed the expansion of America in the Pacific and Caribbean, and have consistently advocated the modification and even the abandonment of its results; they have protested against the policy of using diplomacy to back up American financiers, contractors, concession-hunters,

and merchants in the Far East and South America; they have annually raided the Navy Estimates; and they have particularly frowned upon the extension of the scope and obligations of the Monroe Doctrine which Mr. Roosevelt inaugurated. In the platform on which they fought last year's Presidential campaign there appeared the following plank: "We reaffirm the position thrice announced by the Democracy in National Convention assembled against a policy of imperialism and colonial exploitation in the Philippines or elsewhere. We condemn the experiment in imperialism as an inexcusable blunder which has involved us in enormous expense, brought us weakness instead of strength, and laid our nation open to the charge of abandonment of the fundamental doctrine of self-government. We favor an immediate declaration of the nation's purpose to recognize the independence of the Philippine Islands as soon as a stable government can be established, such independence to be guaranteed by us until the neutralization of the islands can be secured by treaty with other Powers. In recognizing the independence of the Philippines, our Government should retain such lands as may be necessary for coaling stations and naval bases." No action has yet been taken along the lines of this declaration, and it is more than doubtful whether any will be taken. The Democrats probably do not misrepresent the disenchantment which in the past decade and a half has overtaken the outburst of Imperialist sentiment that followed the Spanish war. Question the average American to-day and you will find him either a monument of indifference or an encyclopædia of cloudy misinformation as to all that is happening in America's insular possessions and as to the international and strategic problems that their re-

tention propounds. The white man's burden, so far as Americans are concerned, has become the white man's boredom; and if there were any way of disposing of the Philippines without losing face too abjectly, the vast majority of Americans would welcome it and follow it with something like enthusiasm. They have failed even to attain to that vague pride of ownership which, among the masses of our own people, does duty for Imperialism, and the glamor of being an Asiatic Power, and of ruling over tropical dependencies, has completely faded. But the Democratic undertaking to promise at once the future independence of the archipelago "as soon as a stable government can be established," and to neutralize the islands by an international guarantee, impresses no one as a feasible way out of the difficulty. Any such pledge could only disorganize the American rulership in the dependency, and stir up every element of native agitation and unrest, without advancing the main problem one inch towards solution. In this as in other matters it is, therefore, all to the good that the Democrats should at length be undergoing the sobering and educative experience of direct contact with affairs and bringing their *a priori* conceptions to the touchstone of realities. We in Great Britain have, I believe, an especial reason for hoping that the process of enlightenment will be thorough and protracted. Friendship with the United States is, and of necessity must be, one of the main pivots of British foreign policy; and it has probably more than once in the past twenty years disturbed Downing Street to reflect that the majority of Englishmen were more in sympathy with the Republicans than with the Democrats, and that their feeling towards the country as a whole might be misconstrued as a feeling in favor of one particular party. It has so

happened that the new era in Anglo-American amity has coincided with Republican Administrations, and that the Democrats partly for political and partly for traditional reasons have more or less stood aside from the birth and growth of the improved relations that now obtain between the two peoples. It has been extremely difficult, ever since Mr. Cleveland's Venezuelan Message and the subsequent irruption of Bryanism, for Great Britain to get in touch with the American Democrats. That difficulty is now removed, and its removal not only gives us a chance of showing that our cordiality towards America is not confined to any one party, but also, by bringing the Democrats into contact with the actual facts of the international situation, it will satisfy them, as the Republicans have already been satisfied, that for the United States under present conditions to be at once a World-Power and anti-British is little short of an impossibility.

One must not, however, imagine that Americans attach anything like the same importance to foreign affairs as we do, as we have to, in Europe. As a nation they can hardly as yet be said to take them seriously. Many years must pass and many gaps be filled up before the average American newspaper ceases to treat international episodes in a spirit of either levity or sensationalism, and before the average American citizen fully envisages the position of his country in the family of nations or reaches an adequate understanding of the first elements of *Weltpolitik*. The absence of a sober, sustained, and well-informed interest in foreign affairs among the mass of the American people, and of the American politicians as well, is something that must always be allowed for. The size and strength of the United States, and the accident of her geographical position and sur-

roundings, have combined to shield her in an almost untroubled tranquillity. Alone among the Great Powers she is not menaced; fortune has exempted her from the contentions, animosities, and distractions that convulse the close-packed older world; she is relieved from the effects, at once complicating and fortifying, of a constant external pressure and counter-pressure; nothing really endangers her national security. If strife is indeed a law of international life, then it is a law that in America's case is virtually suspended. Of all that follows, when two Powers of nearly equal strength and of possibly conflicting interests live within striking distance of one another, she knows next to nothing. A diplomatic dispute with another Power, conducted by either side on the implication of force, is of all experiences the one most foreign to the normal routine of American existence. It is true that being a high-spirited, volatile, emotional, and, on the whole, rather bellicose people, the Americans under the spur of their temperament and in obedience to the combative instinct, have done what they could to fill the vacuum by manufacturing the regulation number of "scares," by labelling this Power or that "the enemy," and by endeavoring to make international mountains out of molehills. But these diversions are in themselves sufficient proof of their unique immunity from the serious realities of *Weltpolitik*. The average busy, complacent American, living in this atmosphere of extraordinary simplicity and self-absorption, has no vital interest in any external affairs that lie beyond the range of the Monroe Doctrine. Such education as he receives in world-politics is meagre and intermittent in amount and extremely unsatisfactory in quality. He is apt to regard all European happenings with an amused and im-

personal indifference, as of no possible concern to the fortunes of his own country. He can hardly as yet conceive a definite, material connection between American welfare and politics and the issue of a rivalry between two European Powers—Great Britain and Germany, for instance—that will be decided, if at all, several thousand miles from American interests. The idea that the United States has one set of interests and the rest of the world another is still the common American idea; and the general sentiment of the country still regards the wars and diplomatic disputes of the Old World with a purely spectacular concern, as a sort of drama provided for the entertainment of Americans, still desires to have as few dealings as possible with foreign Powers, and still shrinks from any course that might conceivably lead to an "entangling alliance." American foreign policy, in short, so far as it is concerned with the affairs of Europe and Asia, proceeds without any reasoned and consistent backing of popular knowledge or interest, and very largely, therefore, turns on the personality and opinions of particular Presidents or particular Secretaries of State.

Within the past few months the superficial and personal character of American action abroad and its liability to sudden and tangential disturbances have been very strikingly exemplified. One of the objects of Republican policy under Presidents Roosevelt and Taft was the cultivation of intimate commercial and political relations with China. As the only Power whose interests on the Asiatic mainland are purely commercial, the United States has always stood high in Chinese regard; but two or three years ago it was hardly too much to say that the Celestial Empire was leaning almost exclusively on Ameri-

can support and recognized in the United States her best guide and well-wisher. If she had any champion at all in her efforts to maintain her sovereignty over Manchuria intact, that champion was America; and it was from America that China was receiving the ablest and most disinterested assistance in converting herself into a modern State. To direct Chinese advancement from the abundance of her own experience in matters of education, government and commerce, to be the tutelary genius of that vast, nerveless, disjointed but aspiring Empire, and to protect her by a vigilant diplomacy from the encroachments of her powerful neighbors—such was the high rôle to which America seemed destined to be called. Side by side, at any rate, with American alienation from Japan there was proceeding an American *rapprochement* with China; and to Europeans it seemed beyond doubt that the main purpose of American diplomacy in the Far East was to guard China and befriend her, to play off as much as possible against Russia, Great Britain and Japan, and to reap a legitimate reward in a harvest of railway, mining, and industrial concessions. When Mr. Knox was the American Secretary of State the United States Government, in the Far East as in South America, appeared to have adopted the German plan of pushing private trade by every artifice of official and diplomatic assistance. Mr. Taft's endorsement of this device was repeatedly proclaimed, and his insistence upon American participation in the Hankau-Szechuan loan proved that he meant what he said and was determined to act upon it. American financiers, contractors, concession-hunters, and merchants in the Far East began to enjoy the resolute backing of their Government and to find the knowledge and helpfulness possessed

by an alert and energetic consular and diplomatic service placed freely at their disposal. This was, or seemed to be, a development of very considerable moment, because the motive power behind at least three-fifths of the international rivalries over China and Manchuria is the competition for trade; and there can be little doubt that had President Taft remained in office the United States would have more than maintained her initial share and interest in the Six-Power loan. One of President Wilson's first acts, however, on stepping into the White House was to order the withdrawal of his Government from the whole transaction. "The conditions of the loan," he announced, "seem to us to touch very nearly the administrative independence of China itself; and this Administration does not feel that it ought, even by implication, to be a party to those conditions. The responsibility on its part which would be implied in requesting the bankers to undertake the loan might conceivably go the length in some unhappy contingency of forcible interference in the financial and even the political affairs of that great Oriental State, just now awakening to a consciousness of its power and of its obligations to its people. The conditions include not only the pledging of particular taxes, some of them antiquated and burdensome, to secure the loan, but also the administration of those taxes by foreign agents. The responsibility on the part of the Government implied in the encouragement of a loan thus secured and administered is plain enough *and is obnoxious to the principles upon which the government of our people rests.*" That is a perfectly defensible position to take up, but its assumption involves a flat condemnation and reversal of the spirit and aims which animated President Taft and Mr. Knox, and the total abandonment at a moment's

notice of what had seemed to be a definite policy. We may indeed take it for granted that, so long as the Democrats are in power, the United States will resume in the politics of the Far East her old position of more or less masterly inactivity, and will avoid any course of action that is likely to entail any sort of administrative responsibility. The point, however, with which I am chiefly concerned at present is that this great and possibly momentous change in American policy was made by the President "off his own bat," and not as the result of any agitation or discussion one way or the other in Congress or the Press. The American people as a whole had never been in the least interested in President Taft's and Mr. Knox's diplomatic activities in the Far East, and they were just as little moved when Mr. Wilson called an abrupt halt and started off in the opposite direction. Little incidents like that, in remote and "inferior" and "heathen" countries, do not touch the national consciousness. Not one Congressman in a hundred, or one of his constituents in fifty thousand, knows or cares anything about them; and the man in the car hears that America is doing something in China or refraining from doing something with equal indifference.

The questions, in a word, that concern Americans are American questions—Canada and the various commercial issues that its neighborhood entails, Japanese immigration into California, and, above all, the Monroe Doctrine and its reflex action on the politics of Mexico and the Caribbean. Of these the Japanese problem has recently reasserted itself with some acuteness, but its essential aspects have hardly altered at all since they were dealt with in this *Review* over six years ago. California in passing a law virtually forbidding the Japanese

to own land in the State has taken one more step towards its undoubted goal—the exclusion by legislation of all Japanese laborers from American territory. The more or less of Japanese immigration, the educational and land-owning and similar rights of the Japanese settlers—these, through the cock-a-whoop heedlessness of the American Press, the turbulence of San Francisco, and the excitability of Tokyo, combine to magnify them into highly contentious issues, are really subsidiary to the main question that will sooner or later overshadow them all, the question whether Japanese laborers are to be allowed in the United States at all. Neither Washington nor Tokyo is anxious to raise that very considerable issue prematurely or unnecessarily. Both Governments are at present more concerned in assuring one another that on the matter of reducing Japanese immigration into the United States to the lowest possible figure their interests are really identical; and it is quite certain that President Wilson will leave nothing undone to keep them identical. Incidents are bound to multiply and crises of one sort or another to break out between the two countries, but no one who reflects upon the heavy bonds of commercial, political, and strategic compulsion under which the United States lies to retain the goodwill of a Power that is, and must long continue, the arbiter of the destinies of the Far East, and upon the incredible folly of which Japan would be guilty were she to jeopardize her task of financial reconstruction and Imperial consolidation by plunging into a conflict that involves no fundamental point of national security and from which neither party could hope to win any permanent benefit—no one reflecting on all this will for a moment consider war as a possible outcome of their present differences. The situ-

ation would unquestionably become graver if Japan were to formulate a demand for the admission of her subjects to the full rights of American citizenship, or if the United States Congress were to enact an Exclusion Law prohibiting Japanese immigration as Chinese immigration is already prohibited. But neither of these developments is a probability in the near future, and until one or the other of them takes place the relations between the United States and Japan, while not unlikely to be strained from time to time, are not within measurable distance of a rupture.

A far more urgent and critical problem confronts the American people in the gradual relapse of Mexico into its old habits of insurrectionary disorder. Some two and a half years ago when Diaz fell and every day brought its tales of American lives and property endangered, and the United States Government had gathered some 17,000 troops at San Antonio in Texas, within easy striking distance of the frontier, I had many conversations with President Taft; General Leonard Wood, the admirable Chief of the Staff; Mr. Knox, the Secretary of State; Senators Root and Lodge, and some other officials and statesmen on the whole subject of American policy towards Mexico and the difficulties involved in it. A good deal has happened since then, but the attitude of the United States Government has not changed. It is still as anxious as it ever was to avoid armed intervention. President Taft, had he chosen, could have found excuse enough for sending an army across the Mexican border. He was strongly pressed to do so by certain political advisers who saw in a foreign war the only chance of saving the Republican party from political disaster at home. But he very wisely and hon-

orably declined to be influenced by any but national considerations, and his handling of the Mexican situation will always mitigate the verdict of failure which history will probably pass on his Administration as a whole. From the first he remembered President McKinley and the way in which his indecisiveness allowed the Cuban crisis to develop into war. Mr. Taft determined to keep the control of events in his own hands to the last possible moment; he took the leaders of both parties in both Houses fully and freely into his confidence; and he managed to preserve his freedom of action by explaining and justifying each step as it arose alike to his friends and opponents in Congress. President Wilson, who is probably even more reluctant than his predecessor to embark on any policy of adventure, has followed in his footsteps; and the fact that the United States has at its head a President who is equally firm and cautious is a great influence on the side of peace. Intervention, again, would expose American residents and property in Mexico to the imminent peril of destruction, for however much the Mexicans may hate one another they all hate the Americans more; it would undo all that has been effected in winning the goodwill of the South American Republics; it would almost certainly entail a guerilla warfare that would require—this was the official estimate given to me in 1911—at least 250,000 troops and three or four years of time; and it would involve the United States in the tremendous responsibility of taking over the administration of the country. These considerations tend to discourage rashness. On the other hand, a war party is growing up in the American Press and is finding an echo in Congress; public opinion is becoming perilously interested in the situation; a good deal of pressure is

being brought to bear on the President to induce American recognition of the prevailing usurper and in general the adoption of a somewhat more energetic policy; the inevitable "incidents" are being served up with the usual inflammatory condiments; and foreign nations which hitherto have allowed the United States an entirely free hand, are beginning to betray a certain restlessness under the continuance of Mexican anarchy. The chances of war or peace would thus appear to be about evenly balanced, but in the absence of any abnormal and unpredictable development my persuasion is that President Wilson will contrive to stave off intervention, to reach an unofficial understanding with General Huerta, and to postpone the necessity for any definite decision until after a pseudo-election has installed in the Mexican capital a President whom America can recognize without violating her somewhat squeamish conscience. The situation, however, must long remain extremely delicate; perhaps only the advent of another Diaz can furnish even a passable solution; and a single wrong step may commit the United States to a more arduous undertaking than any she has faced since the Civil War.

In one very important matter, and greatly to the surprise of the country, the Democrats have already reversed in office the policy they used to advocate in Opposition. One of the most positive and enduring of President Roosevelt's achievements was, as I have said, his success in grafting upon the Monroe Doctrine obligations and responsibilities that formerly had been not merely evaded but denied. The old Monroe Doctrine, for instance, operated to save South American Republics from the penalty of their misdeeds. Whatever outrages they might commit on the persons and property of foreigners, they always knew that

they had in the United States a guarantee against the extremes of punishment. The Government at Washington put no sort of restraint upon its *protégés*. Americans prescribed and limited the amount of punishment that might be inflicted by a European Power upon a South American Republic, but they would not admit that the conditions which had made punishment necessary were any concern of theirs. The behavior of South America towards Europe was apparently a matter of indifference to them; the behavior of Europe towards South America they always claimed the right to supervise and restrict. A decade ago it was no exaggeration to say that the Monroe Doctrine was frequently used as a cloak for revolutionary turbulence and spoliation, and that the United States stood forth before the world as the protector, and in some sort the accomplice, of South American delinquencies. Mr. Roosevelt was the first President to proclaim the one-sidedness and indignity of these conditions and to insist that the Monroe Doctrine entailed duties as well as conferred privileges. He therefore enunciated a policy which was in effect a requisition on South America to maintain order, pay its debts, and act with "decency," under penalty not of European but of American intervention. He constituted the United States a sort of policeman of the Southern Republics to choke off the causes of international trouble at their inception. And this transformation of the Monroe Doctrine from a negative to an active and preventive policy coincided with the building of the Panama Canal and with the increasing realization of the importance of foreign markets to American traders. The combination of these three factors has had already some considerable results. It has made Americans revive the project for the purchase of the Danish

West Indies; it has installed them in San Domingo as a kind of financial liquidator; it has led to negotiations for the lease of the Galapagos Islands; it has produced arrangements for taking over the financial administration of Honduras and Nicaragua; and it has done a good deal to stimulate the demand for subsidies to establish speedy and regular communications by sea between American and South American ports.

The Democrats have always fought these developments as smacking of a meddling Imperialism, and if there seemed one thing that could safely be prophesied of Mr. Bryan's conduct in the Secretaryship of State it was that he would discountenance any expansion of America's responsibilities in the Southern continent or anywhere else. Mr. Bryan, however, has shown his first gleam of statesmanship in the facility with which he has swallowed all his past utterances since assuming office, and has not merely shifted but reversed the position he has held for a decade and more. In the last week of July he made public the draft of a proposed treaty which comes very near to setting up an American protectorate over Nicaragua. The idea of such an arrangement is not original with Mr. Bryan; it was first put forward and embodied in a diplomatic form by President Taft and Mr. Knox; and but for the fact that their proposals included a sort of partnership between the United States Government and Wall Street bankers in the adjustment of Nicaraguan finances, it would have been adopted by Congress. Mr. Bryan has revived their scheme, has altered its obnoxious details, and has positively extended its scope. The plan which he has formulated, and to which the Senate will unquestionably assent, places Nicaragua in much the same relation to the United States as Cuba. That is to say, Nicaragua

agrees not to impair its independence by compact with any foreign Power, or allow any such Power to obtain military control. It agrees, further, not to contract debts without seeing to it that the country's revenues, after paying current expenses, are sufficient to provide adequate interest and ultimate liquidation. And, finally, it grants to the United States the right to intervene "for the preservation of Nicaraguan independence and the maintenance of a Government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty." The treaty, to which, of course, Nicaragua is an assenting and apparently a by no means reluctant party, also provides for the purchase by the United States for \$600,000 of the exclusive right to build an interoceanic canal across the country and to establish a naval base on the Gulf of Fonseca. There cannot be much doubt that these, or very similar, provisions are applicable to other Central American Republics besides Nicaragua, and that they foreshadow the lines on which American authority is destined to make itself felt. The southern boundary of the United States is to-day the Panama Canal, and from there northward to the borders of Texas, and southwards to the confines of Brazil and Peru, one looks in vain for the elements and guarantees of a permanent security. Over the whole of this vast region American influence is bound to predominate. I do not mean that Mexico, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and the rest will be annexed to the American Union, but that step by step the responsibility for maintaining internal order and inter-Republic peace and for insuring financial regularity will gradually pass into American hands or be exercised under American supervision. This is a development that has all the appearance of inevitability, but it is none the less

an important fact that the Democrats, now that they are in actual touch with affairs, should show no disposition to retard and every disposition to assist it.

If Mr. Bryan, however, has been constrained in this instance to face facts, in other directions the President and his colleagues have allowed him, to his own undoing, a free hand. It was strikingly characteristic of the man that before he had been two months in office he should have unfolded a plan for securing universal peace. And it was not less characteristic of the British Government that it should have been the first to welcome his plan with effusiveness. At the banquet given in honor of the newly-arrived American Ambassador, Sir Edward Grey said: "I should like to assure Mr. Page that if—as I suppose will be the case, seeing that his Government has taken an initiative of its own in the matter—if he comes to us with proposals arising from the desire of his Government to find some way of making more remote the appeal to blind force between nations, he will find in this country, and from the British Government, a ready response." I sincerely trust, as one who sets a value that can scarcely be exaggerated upon Anglo-American co-operation and goodwill, that he will find nothing of the kind. After the three attempts that have been made in the past sixteen years to conclude an effective Treaty of Arbitration with the United States, and after the three miscarriages that have resulted from them, the spectacle of Mr. Bryan and Sir Edward Grey, indefatigable, undismayed, and with a more than Christian forgiveness or forgetfulness, spurring on the two nations to engage in another furious wrangle over their friendship and their devotion to peace and to each other, and eagerly negotiating another instrument for the

Senate to emasculate at its pleasure, is not one that can be contemplated without a certain impatience. The present, indeed, seems a peculiarly odd moment to be indulging in any such exercise. For one thing, the Arbitration Treaty that was concluded in 1908 between Great Britain and the United States has but recently expired. It is about as limited as any treaty of the kind can be that is to retain even a spark of vitality. It is confined to differences of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of existing treaties. Yet restricted as it is the Senate hesitates to renew it; The Fortnightly Review.

and it hesitates because it fears that its renewal might involve the submission of the Panama Canal question to arbitration. Is it mere cynicism to suggest that Mr. Bryan might well take steps to secure the extension and observance of existing agreements before proposing to negotiate new ones? The scheme he has outlined is so fanciful, and Great Britain and the United States stand in so little need of any such cement to bind them together, that I for one hope the utmost deliberation will be used before we decide to risk another Anglo-American fiasco.

Sydney Brooks.

IRISH NOVELS.*

In a survey of the Anglo-Irish humorous novel of recent times, the works of Charles Lever form a convenient point of departure, for with all his limitations he was the first to write about Irish life in such a way as to appeal widely and effectively to an English audience. We have no intention of dwelling upon him at any length—he belongs to an earlier generation—but between him and his successors there are points both of resemblance and of dissimilarity sufficient to make an interesting comparison. The politics and social conditions of Lever's time are not those of the present, but the spirit of Lever's Irishman, though with modifications, is still alive to-day.

*1 "An Irish Cousin" (Bentley), "The Real Charlotte" (Ward and Downey), "The Silver Fox" (Laurence and Bullen), "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." "All on the Irish Shore," "Some Irish Yesterdays" (Longmans), "Dan Russel the Fox" (Methuen). By B. G. Somerville and Martin Ross, 1899-1911.

2 "Spanish Gold," "The Search Party" (Methuen), "The Major's Niece," "The Red Hand of Ulster" (Smith, Elder), "The Simpkins Plot," "The Inviolable Sanctuary" (Nelson). By George A. Birmingham, 1908-12.

*3 "The Novels of Charles Lever." Collected edition. Thirty-seven Vols. London: Downey, 1897-9.

Lever had not the intensity of Carleton, but he was less uncompromising in his use of local color, and he was far more cheerful. He had not the tender grace or simplicity of Gerald Griffin, and never wrote anything so moving or beautiful as "The Collegians," but he surpassed him in vitality, gusto, exuberance and knowledge of the world. Overrated in the early stages of his career, Lever paid the penalty of his too facile triumphs in his lifetime and his undoubted talents have latterly been deprecatd on political as well as artistic grounds. His heroes were drawn with few exceptions from the landlord class or their faithful retainers. The gallant Irish officers, whose Homeric exploits he loved to celebrate, held commissions in the British army. Lever has never been popular with the Nationalist politicians, though as a matter of fact no one ever exhibited the extravagance and recklessness of the landed gentry in more glaring colors. And he is anathema to the hierophants of the Neo-Celtic Renaissance on account of his jocularity. There is nothing

crepuscular about Lever; you might as well expect to find a fairy in a railway station.

Lever never was and never could be the novelist of literary men. He was neither a scholar nor an artist; he wrote largely in instalments; and in his earlier novels was wont to end a chapter in a manner which rendered something like a miracle necessary to continue the existence of the hero: "He fell lifeless to the ground, the same instant I was felled to the earth by a blow from behind, and saw no more." In technique and characterization his later novels show a great advance, but if he lives, it will be by the spirited loosely-knit romances of love and war composed in the first ten years of his literary career. His heroes had no scruples in proclaiming their physical advantages and athletic prowess; Charles O'Malley, that typical Galway miles gloriosus, introduces himself with ingenuous egotism in the following passage:

"I rode boldly with foxhounds; I was about the best shot within twenty miles of us; I could swim the Shannon at Holy Island; I drove four-in-hand better than the coachman himself; and from finding a hare to hooking a salmon, my equal could not be found from Killaloe to Banagher."

The life led by the Playboys of the West (old style) as depicted in Lever's pages was one incessant round of reckless hospitality, tempered by duels and practical joking, but it had its justification in the family annals of the fire-eating Blakes and Bodkins and the records of the Connaught Circuit. The intrepidity of Lever's heroes was only equalled by their indiscretion, their good luck in escaping from the consequences of their folly, and their susceptibilities. His womenfolk may be roughly divided into three classes; sentimental heroines, who sighed and blushed and fainted on the slightest

provocation; buxom Amazons like Baby Blake; and campaigners or adventures. But the gentle, sentimental, angelic type predominates, and finds a perfect representative in Lucy Dashwood. His serious heroines, except that they could ride, did not differ in essentials from those of Dickens, and a sense of humor was no part of their mental equipment. Lever's sentiment, in short, is old-fashioned, and cannot be expected to appeal to a Feminist age, which has given us the public school girl and the suffragist. There is no psychological interest in the relations of his heroes and heroines; Charles's farewell to Lucy is on a par with the love speeches in "The Lyons Mall." There is seldom any doubt as to the ultimate reunion of his lovers; we are only concerned with the ingenuity of the author in surmounting the obstacles of his own invention. He was fertile in the devising of exciting incident; he was always able to eke out the narrative with a good story or song—as a writer of convivial, thrasonic or mock-sentimental verse he was quite in the first class—and in his earlier novels his high spirits and sense of fun never failed. For he was a genuine humorist, or perhaps we should say a genuine comedian, since the element of theatricality was seldom absent. The choicest exploits of that grotesque Admirable Crichton, Frank Webber, were carried out by hoaxing, disguise, or trickery of some sort. But the scene in which Frank wins his wager by impersonating Miss Judy Macan and sings "The Widow Malone" is an admirable piece of sustained fooling; admirable, too, in its way is the rescue of the imaginary captive in the Dublin drain. As a delineator of the humors of University life, Lever combined the atmosphere of "Verdant Green" with the sumptuous upholstery of Oulda. Here, again, in his por-

traits of dons and undergraduates Lever undoubtedly drew in part from life, but fell into his characteristic vice of exaggeration in his embroidery. Frank Webber's antics are amusing, but it is hard to swallow his amazing literary gifts or the contrast between his effeminate appearance and his dare-devil energy.

While Lever's last novel "Lord Kilgobbin"—which ran as a serial in the "Cornhill Magazine" from October 1870 to March 1872—was not wholly free from his besetting sin, it is interesting not only as the most thoughtful and carefully written of his novels, but on account of its political attitude. Here Lever proved himself no champion *à outrance* of the landlords, but was ready to admit that their joyous conviviality was too often attended by gross mismanagement of their estates. The sympathy extended to the rebels of '98 is remarkable and finds expression in the spirited lines:

"Is there anything more we can fight
or can hate for?

The 'drop' and the famine have made
our ranks thin.

In the name of endurance, then, what
do we wait for?

Will nobody give us the word to
begin?"

These must have been almost the last lines Lever ever wrote, unless we except the bitter epitaph on himself:

"For sixty odd years he lived in the
thick of it,

And now he is gone, not so much very
sick of it,

As because he believed he heard some-
body say,

'Harry Lorrequer's hearse is stopping
the way.'"

The bitterness of the epitaph lies in the fact that it was largely true; he had exhausted the vein of rollicking romance on which his fame and popularity rested. For the rest the charge of misrepresenting Irish life is met by so judicious a critic as the late

Dr. Garnett with a direct negative:

"He has not actually misrepresented anything, and cannot be censured for confining himself to the society which he knew; nor was his talent adapted for the treatment of such life in its melancholy and poetic aspects, even if these had been more familiar to him."

Of the humorous Irish novelists who entered into competition with Lever for the favor of the English-speaking public in his lifetime, two claim special notice—Samuel Lover and Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu. Lover has always been bracketed with Lever, whom he resembled in many ways, but he was overshadowed by his more brilliant and versatile contemporary. Yet within his limited sphere he was a true humorist, and the careless, whimsical, illogical aspects of Irish character have seldom been more effectively illustrated than by the author of "Handy Andy" and "The Girdiron." Paddy, as drawn by Lover, succeeds in spite of his drawbacks, much as "Brer Rabbit" does in the tales of Uncle Remus. His mental processes remind one of the story of the Hungarian baron who, on paying a visit to a friend after a railway journey, complained of a bad headache, the result of sitting with his back to the engine. When his friend asked, "Why did not you change places with your *vis-à-vis*?" the baron replied, "How could I? I had no *vis-à-vis*." Lover's heroes "liked action, but they hated work;" the philosophy of thriftlessness is summed up to perfection in "Paddy's Pastoral":

"Here's a health to you, my darlin',
Though I'm not worth a farthin';
For when I'm drunk I think I'm rich,
I've a featherbed in every ditch!"

For all his kindness Lover laid too much stress on this happy-go-lucky fecklessness to minister to Irish self-respect. His pictures of Irish life were based on limited experience; in

so far as they are true, they recall and emphasize traits which many patriotic Irishmen wish to forget or eliminate. An age which has witnessed the growth of Irish Agricultural Co-operation is intolerant of a novelist who for the most part represents his countrymen as diverting idiots.

The case of Le Fanu is peculiar. His best-known novels had no specially characteristic Irish flavor. But his sombre talent was lit by intermittent flashes of the wildest hilarity, and it was in this mood that the author of "Uncle Silas" and "Camilla" wrote "The Quare Gandher" and "Billy Malowney's Taste of Love and Glory," two of the most brilliantly comic extravaganzas which were ever written by an Irishman, and which no one but an Irishman could ever have written.

There is no Salic Law in letters, and since the deaths of Lever and Le Fanu the sceptre of the realm of Irish fiction has passed to women. But the years between 1870 and 1890 were not propitious for humorists, and the admirable work of Miss Emily Lawless, who had already made her mark in "Hurrish" before the latter date, does not fall within the present survey. The same remark applies to Mrs. Hartley, though there is a fine sense of humor in "Flitters, Tatters and the Counsellor" and in the delicate idylls of Miss Jane Barlow. In both the serious note predominates, and the atmosphere is autumnal.

The literary partnership of Miss Edith Somerville and Miss Violet Martin—the most brilliantly successful example of creative collaboration in our times—began with "An Irish Cousin" in 1889. Published over the pseudonyms of "Geilles Herring" and "Martin Ross," this delightful story is remarkable not only for its promise, afterwards richly fulfilled, but for its achievement. The writers proved

themselves the possessors of a strange faculty of detachment which enabled them to view the humors of Irish life through the unfamiliar eye of a stranger without losing their own sympathy. They were at once of the life they described and outside it. They showed a laudable freedom from political partisanship; a minute familiarity with the manners and customs of all strata of Irish society; an unerring instinct for the "sovrain word," a perfect mastery of the Anglo-Irish dialect; and an acute yet well-controlled sense of the ludicrous. The heroine accurately describes the concourse on the platform of a small Irish country station as having "all the appearance of a large social gathering or *conversazione*, the carriages being filled, not by those who were starting, but by their friends who had come to see them off." When she went to a county ball in Cork she discovered to her dismay that all her partners were named either Beamish or Barrett:

"Had it not been for Willy's elucidation of its mysteries, I should have thrown my card away in despair. 'No; not *Mm*. That's Long Tommy Beamish! It's *English* Tommy you're to dance with next. They call him English Tommy because, when his militia regiment was ordered to Aldershot, he said he was 'the first of his ancestors that was ever sent on foreign service.'

. . . I carried for several days the bruises which I received during my waltz with English Tommy. It consisted chiefly of a series of short rushes, of so shattering a nature that I at last ventured to suggest a less aggressive mode of progression. 'Well,' said English Tommy confidentially, 'ye see, I'm trying to bump Katie! That's Katie,' pointing to a fat girl in blue. 'She's my cousin, and we're for ever fighting.'"

As a set-off to this picture of the hilarious informality of high life in Cork twenty-five years ago there is a wonderful study of a cottage interior,

occupied by a very old man, his daughter-in-law, three children, two terriers, a cat, and a half-plucked goose. The conversation between Willy Sarsfield—who foreshadows Flurry Knox in "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." by his mingled shrewdness and *naïveté*—and Mrs. Sweeny is a perfect piece of reproduction.

"Mrs. Sweeny was sitting on a kind of rough settle, between the other window and the door of an inner room. She was a stout, comfortable-looking woman of about forty, with red hair and quick blue eyes, that roved round the cabin, and silenced with a glance the occasional whisperings that rose from the children. 'And how's the one that had the bad cough?' asked Willy, pursuing his conversation with her with his invariable ease and dexterity. 'Honor her name is, isn't it?'—'See, now, how well he remembers!' replied Mrs. Sweeny. 'Indeed, she's there back in the room, lyin' these three days. Faith, I think 'tis like the decline she have, Masther Willy.'—'Did you get the doctor to her?' said Willy. 'I'll give you a ticket if you haven't one.'—'Oh, indeed, Doctor Kelly's afther givin' her a bottle, but shure I wouldn't let her put it into her mouth at all. God knows what'd be in it. Wasn't I afther throwin' a taste of it on the fire to thry what'd it do, and Phitz! says it, and up with it up the chimney! Faith, I'd be in dread to give it to the child. Shure if it done that in the fire, what'd it do in her inside?'—'Well, you're a greater fool than I thought you were,' said Willy politely.—'Maybe I am, faith,' replied Mrs. Sweeny, with a loud laugh of enjoyment. 'But if she's for dyin', the crayture, she'll die ailsier without thim thrash of medicines; and if she's for livin', 'tisn't thrusting to them she'll be. Shure, God is good, God is good'—'Divil a better!' interjected old Sweeny, unexpectedly. It was the first time he had spoken, and having delivered himself of this trenchant

observation, he relapsed into silence and the smackings at his pipe."

But the tragic note is sounded in the close of "An Irish Cousin"—Miss Martin and Miss Somerville have never lost sight of the abiding dualism enshrined in Moore's verse which tells of the tear and the smile in Erin's eye—and it dominates their next novel, "Naboth's Vineyard," published in 1891, a sombre romance of the Land League days. Three years later they reached the summit of their achievement in "The Real Charlotte," which still remains their masterpiece, though easily eclipsed in popularity by the irresistible drollery of "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." To begin with, it does not rely on the appeal to hunting people which in their later work won the heart of the English sportsman. It is a ruthlessly candid study of Irish provincial and suburban life; of the squalors of middle-class households; of garrison hacks and "underbred, finespoken," florid squirens. But secondly and chiefly it repels the larger half of the novel-reading public by the fact that two women have here dissected the heart of one of their sex in a mood of unrelenting realism. While pointing out the pathos and humiliation of the thought that a soul can be stunted by the trivialities of personal appearance, they own to having set down Charlotte Mullen's many evil qualities "without pity." They approach their task in the spirit of Balzac. The book, as we shall see, is extraordinarily rich in both wit and humor, but Charlotte, who cannot control her ruling passion of avarice even in a death chamber, might have come straight out of the pages of the *Comédie Humaine*. Masking her greed, her jealousy and her cruelty under a cloak of loud affability and ponderous persiflage, she is a perfect specimen of the *fausse bonne femme*. Only her cats could divine

the strange workings of her mind: "The movements of Charlotte's character, for it cannot be said to possess the power of development, were akin to those of some amphibious thing whose strong, darting course under the water is only marked by a bubble or two, and it required almost an animal instinct to note them. Every bubble betrayed the creature below, as well as the limitations of its power of hiding itself, but people never thought of looking out for these indications in Charlotte, or even suspected that she had anything to conceal. There was an almost blatant simplicity about her, a humorous rough and readiness which, joined with her literary culture, proved business capacity, and her dreaded temper, seemed to leave no room for any further aspect, least of all of a romantic kind."

Yet romance of a sort was at the root of Charlotte's character. She had been in love with Roddy Lambert, a showy, handsome, selfish squireen, before he married for money. She had disguised her tenderness under a bluff *camaraderie* during his first wife's lifetime, and hastened Mrs. Lambert's death by inflaming her suspicions of Roddy's infidelity. It was only when Charlotte was again fooled by Lambert's second marriage to her own niece, that her love was turned to gall and she plotted to compass his ruin.

The authors deal faithfully with Francie FitzPatrick, Charlotte's niece, but an element of compassion mingles with their portraiture. Charlotte had robbed Francie of a legacy, and compounded with her conscience by inviting the girl to stay with her at Lismoyle. Any change was a god-send to poor Francie, who, being an orphan, lived in Dublin with another aunt, a kindly but feckless creature whose eyes were not formed to perceive dirt nor her nose to apprehend smells, and whose idea of economy

was "to indulge in no extras of soap or scrubbing brushes, and to feed her family on strong tea and indifferent bread and butter, in order that Ida's and Mabel's hats might be no whit less ornate than those of their neighbors." In this dingy household Francie had grown up, lovely as a Dryad, brilliantly indifferent to the serious things of life, with a deplorable Dublin accent, ingenuous, unaffected and inexpressibly vulgar. She captivates men of all sorts: Roddy Lambert, who lunched on hot beefsteak pie and sherry; Mr. Hawkins, an amorous young soldier, who treated her with a bullying tenderness and jilted her for an English heiress; and Christopher Dysart, a scholar, a gentleman, and the heir to a baronetcy, who was ruined by self-criticism and diffidence. Francie respected Christopher and rejected him; was thrown over by Hawkins whom she loved; and married Roddy Lambert, her motives being "Poverty, aimlessness, bitterness of soul and instinctive leniency towards any man who liked her." Francie had already exasperated Charlotte by refusing Christopher Dysart: by marrying Lambert she dealt a death-blow to her hopes and drove her into the path of vengeance.

But the story is not only engrossing as a study of vulgarity that is touched with pathos, of the vindictive jealousy of unsunned natures, of the cowardice of the selfish and the futility of the intellectually effete. It is a treasure-house of good sayings, happy comments, ludicrous incidents. When Francie returned to Dublin we read how one of her cousins, "Dottie, unfailing purveyor of diseases to the family, had imported German measles from her school." When Charlotte, nursing her wrath, went to inform the servant at Lambert's house of the return of her master with his new wife, the servant inquired "with cold resig-

nation" whether it was the day after to-morrow:

"'It is, me poor woman, it is,' replied Charlotte in the tone of facetious intimacy which she reserved for other people's servants. 'You'll have to stir your stumps to get the house ready for them.'—'The house is cleaned down and ready for them as soon as they like to walk into it,' replied Eliza Hackett with dignity, 'and if the new lady faults the drawing-room chimney for not being swept, the master will know it's not me that's to blame for it, but the sweep that's gone dhrilling with the Mileitia.'"

Each of the members of the Dysart family is hit off in some memorable phrase; Sir Benjamin, the old and frangible paralytic, "who had been struck down on his son's coming of age by a paroxysm of apoplectic jealousy;" the admirable and unselfish Pamela with her "pleasant anxious voice;" Christopher, who believed that, if only he could "read the 'Field' and had a more spontaneous habit of cursing," he would be an ideal country gentleman; and Lady Dysart, who was a clever woman, a renowned solver of acrostics in her society paper, and a holder of strong opinions as to the prophetic meaning of the Pyramids. With her "a large yet refined bonhomie" took the place of tact, but being an Englishwoman she was "constitutionally unable to discern perfectly the subtle grades of Irish vulgarity." Sometimes the authors throw away the *scenario* for a whole novel in a single paragraph, as in this compressed summary of the antecedents of Captain Cursiter:

"Captain Cursiter was 'getting on' as captains go, and he was the less disposed to regard his junior's love affairs with an indulgent eye, in that he had himself served a long and difficult apprenticeship in such matters, and did not feel that he had profited much by his experiences. It had happened to him at an early age to enter

ecstatically into the house of bondage, and in it he had remained with eyes gradually opening to its drawbacks, until, a few years before, the death of the only apparent obstacle to his happiness had brought him face to face with its realization. Strange to say, when this supreme moment arrived, Captain Cursiter was disposed for further delay; but it shows the contrariety of human nature, that when he found himself superseded by his own subaltern, an habitually inebriated viscount, instead of feeling grateful to his preserver, he committed the imbecility of horsewhipping him; and finding it subsequently advisable to leave his regiment, he exchanged into the infantry with a settled conviction that all women were liars."

Nouns and verbs are the bones and sinews of style; it is in the use of epithets and adjectives that the artist is shown; and Miss Martin and Miss Somerville never make a mistake. An episode in the life of one of Charlotte's pets—a cockatoo—is described as occurring when the bird was "a sprightly creature of some twenty shrieking summers." We read of cats who stared "with the expressionless but wholly alert scrutiny of their race;" of the "difficult revelry" of Lady Dysart's garden party, where the men were in a hopeless minority and the more honorable women sat on a long bench in "midge-bitten dulness." Such epithets are not decorative, they heighten the effect of the picture. Where adjectives are not really needed Miss Martin and Miss Somerville can dispense with them altogether and yet attain a deadly precision, as when they describe an Irish beggar as "a bundle of rags with a cough in it," or note a characteristic trait of Roddy Lambert by observing that "he was a man in whom jealousy took the form of reviling the object of his affections, if by so doing he could detach his rivals"—a modern instance of "*displacens alios, sic ego tutus ero.*" When

Roddy Lambert went away after his first wife's funeral we learn that he "honeymooned with his grief in the approved fashion." These felicities abound on every page; while the turn of phrase of the peasant speech is caught with a fidelity which no other Irish writer has ever surpassed. When Judy Lee, a poor old woman who had taken an unconscionable time in dying, was called by one of the gossips who had attended her wake "as nice a woman as ever threw a tub of clothes on the hill," and complimented for having "battled it out well," Norry the Boat replied sardonically:

"Faith thin, an' if she did die itself she was in the want of it; sure there isn't a winther since her daughter went to America that she wasn't anointed a couple of times. I'm thinkin' the people th' other side o' death will be throuncin' her for keepin' them waitin' on her this way."

Humor is never more effective than when it emerges from a serious situation. Tragedy jostles comedy in real life, and the greatest dramatists and romancers have made wonderful use of this abrupt alternation. There are many painful and diverting scenes in "The Real Charlotte," but none in which both elements are blended so effectively as the story of Julia Duffy's last pilgrimage. Threatened with eviction from her farm by the covetous intrigues of Charlotte, she leaves her sick bed to appeal to her landlord, and when half dead with fatigue falls in with the insane Sir Benjamin, to be driven away with grotesque insults. On her way home, she calls in at Charlotte's house only to find Christopher Dysart reading Rossetti's poems to Francie FitzPatrick, who has just timidly observed, in reply to her instructor's remark that the hero is a pilgrim, "I know a lovely song called 'The Pilgrim of Love;' of course it wasn't the same thing as what you

were reading, but it was awfully nice too." This interlude is intensely ludicrous, but its cruel incongruity only heightens the misery of what has gone before and what follows.

"The Silver Fox," which appeared in 1897, need not detain us long, though it is a little masterpiece in its way, vividly contrasting the limitations of the sport-loving temperament with the ineradicable superstitions of the Irish peasantry. Impartial as ever, the authors have here achieved a felicity of phrase to which no other writers of hunting novels have ever approached. "Imagination's wildest stretch" cannot picture Surtees or Mr. Nat Gould describing an answer being given "with that level politeness of voice which is the distilled essence of a perfected anger."

But the atmosphere of "The Silver Fox" is sombre, and a sporting novel which is at once serious and of a fine literary quality must necessarily appeal to a limited audience. The problem is solved to perfection in "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," a series of loosely-knit episodes which, after running a serial course in the "Badminton Magazine," were republished in book form towards the close of 1899. There is only one chapter to cloud the otherwise unintermittent hilarity of the whole recital. The authors have dispensed with comment, and rely chiefly on dialogue, incident, and their intimate and precise knowledge of horses, and horse-copers of both sexes. An interested devotion to the noble animal is here shown to be the last infirmity of noble minds, for old Mrs. Knox, who combined the culture of a *grande dame* with the appearance of a refined scarecrow, went cub-hunting in a bath-chair. In such a company a young sailor whose enthusiasm for the chase had been nourished by the hirelings of Malta, and whose eye for points had probably been

formed on circus posters, had little chance of making a good bargain at Drumcurran horse fair:

"The fellow's asking forty-five pounds for her," said Bernard Shute to Miss Sally; 'she's a naller to gallop. I don't think it's too much.'—'Her grandsire was the Mountain Hare,' said the owner of the mare, hurrying up to continue her family history, 'and he was the grandest horse in the four baronies. He was forty-two years of age when he died, and they waked him the same as ye'd wake a Christian. They had whisky and porther—and bread—and a piper in it.'—'Thim Mountain Hare colts is no great things,' interrupted Mr. Shute's groom contemptuously. 'I seen a colt once that was one of his stock, and if there was forty men and their wives, and they after him with sticks, he wouldn't lep a sod of turf.'—'Lep, is it!' ejaculated the owner in a voice shrill with outrage. 'You may lead that mare out through the counthry, and there isn't a fence in it that she wouldn't go up to it as independint as if she was going to her bed, and your honor's ladyship knows that dam well, Miss Knox.'—'You want too much money for her, McCarthy,' returned Miss Sally, with her little air of preternatural wisdom. 'God pardon you, Miss Knox! Sure a lady like you knows well that forty-five pounds is no money for that mare. Forty-five pounds!' He laughed. 'It'd be as good for me to make her a present to the gentleman all out as take three farthings less for her! She's too grand entirely for a poor farmer like me, and if it wasn't for the long weak family I have, I wouldn't part with her under twice the money.'—'Three fine lumps of daughters in America paying his rent for him,' commented Flurry in the background. 'That's the long weak family!'

The turn of phrase in Irish conversation has never been reproduced in print with greater fidelity, and there is hardly a page in the book without some characteristic Hibernianism such

as "Whisky as pliable as new milk," or the description of a horse who was a "nice flippant jumper," or a band-inaster who was "a thrife fulsome after his luncheon," or a sweep who "raised tallywack and tandem all night round the house to get at the chimbleys." The narrative reaches its climax in the chapter headed "Lisheen Races. Second-hand." Major Yeates and his egregious English visitor Mr. Leigh Kelway, an earnest Radical publicist, having failed to reach the scene, are sheltering from the rain in a wayside public-house where they are regaled with an account of the races by Slipper, the dissipated but engaging huntsman of the local pack of hounds. The close of the meeting was a steeplechase in which "Bocock's owld mare," ridden by one Driscoll, was matched against a horse ridden by another local sportsman named Clancy, and Slipper who favored Driscoll, and had taken up his position at a convenient spot on the course, thus describes his mode of encouraging the mare:

"'Skelp her, ye big brute," says I. "What good's in ye that ye aren't able to skelp her?" . . . Well, Mr. Flurry, and gentlemen . . . I declare to ye when owld Bocock's mare heard thim roars she sthretched out her neck like a gandher, and when she passed me out she give a couple of grunts, and looked at me as ugly as a Christian. "Hah!" says I, givin' her a couple o' dhraws o' th' ash plant across the butt o' the tail, the way I wouldn't blind her, "I'll make ye grunt!" says I, "I'll nourish ye!" I knew well she was very frightful of th' ash plant since the winter Tommeen Sullivan had her under a sidecar. But now, in place of havin' any obligations to me, ye'd be surprised if ye heard the blasphemious expressions of that young boy that was ridin' her; and whether it was over-anxious he was, turnin' around the way I'd hear him cursin', or whether it was some slither or slide came to owld Bocock's mare, I

dunno, but she was bet up agin the last obstackle but two, and before you could say "Shnipes," she was standin' on her two ears beyon' in th' other field! I declare to ye, on the varture of me oath, she stood that way till she reconnothered what side Driscoll would fall, an' she turned about then and rolled on him as cozy as if he was meadow grass!" Slipper stopped short; the people in the doorway groaned appreciatively; Mary Katie murmured "The Lord save us!"—"The blood was dhruv out through his nose and ears," continued Slipper, with a voice that indicated the cream of the narration, "and you'd hear his bones crackin' on the ground! You'd have pitied the poor boy."—"Good heavens!" said Leigh Kelway sitting up very straight in his chair. "Was he hurt, Slipper?" asked Flurry casually. "Hurt is it?" echoed Slipper in high scorn; "killed on the spot!" He paused to relish the effect of the *dénouement* on Leigh Kelway. "Oh, divil so pleasant an afternoon ever you seen; and indeed, Mr. Flurry, it's what ye were all sayin', it was a great pity your honor was not there for the likin' you had for Driscoll."

Leigh Kelway, it may be noted, is the lineal descendant of Mr. Prettyman, the pragmatic English under-secretary in "Charles O'Malley" who, having observed that he had never seen an Irish wake, was horrified by the prompt offer of his Galway host, a notorious practical joker, to provide a corpse on the spot. But this is only one of the instances of parallelism in which the later writers, though showing far greater restraint and fidelity to type, have illustrated the continuance of temperamental qualities, which Lever and his fore-runner Maxwell—the author of "Wild Sports of the West"—portrayed in a more extravagant form. On the other hand, it would be impossible to imagine a greater contrast than that between Lever's thrasonical narrator-heroes and Major Yeates, R.M., whose fondness

for sport is allied to a thorough consciousness of his own infirmities as a sportsman. There is no heroic figure in "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.," but the characters are all lifelike, and at least half a dozen—"Flurry" Knox, his cousin Sally and his old grandmother Mrs. Knox of Anssolas, Slipper, Mrs. Cadogan and the incomparable Maria—form as integral a part of our circle of acquaintance as if we had known them in real life. "The Real Charlotte" is a greater achievement, but the R.M. is a surer passport to immortality..

The further instalment of "Experiences" published a few years later did not escape the common lot of sequels. They were brilliantly written; but one was more conscious of the excellence of the manner than in any of their predecessors. The two volumes of short stories and sketches, published in 1903 and 1906 under the titles of "All on the Irish Shore" and "Some Irish Yesterdays" respectively, show some new and engaging aspects of the genius of the collaborators. There is a chapter called "Children of the Captivity" in which the would-be English humorist's conception of Irish humor is dealt with faithfully—as it deserves to be. The essay is also remarkable for the passage in which are set down once and for all the true canons for the treatment of dialect. Pronunciation and spelling, as the authors point out, are after all of small account in its presentment:

"The vitalizing power is in the rhythm of the sentence, the turn of the phrase, the knowledge of idiom, and of, beyond all, the attitude of mind. . . . The shortcoming is, of course, trivial to those who do not suffer because of it, but want of perception of word and phrase and turn of thought means more than mere artistic failure, it means want of knowledge of the wayward and shrewd and sensitive minds that are at the back of the dialect.

The very wind that blows softly over brown acres of bog carries perfumes and sounds that England does not know: the women digging the potato-land are talking of things that England does not understand. The question that remains is whether England will ever understand."

The hunting sketches in these volumes include the wonderful "Patrick Day's Hunt," which is a masterpiece in the high *bravura* of the brogue. Another is noticeable for a passage on the affection inspired by the horses. When John Connolly heard that his mistress was driven to sell the filly he had trained and nursed so carefully, he did not disguise his disappointment:

"Well, indeed, that's too bad, miss," said Johnny comprehendingly. "There was a mare I had one time, and I sold her before I went to America. God knows, afther she went from me, whenever I'd look at her winkers hanging on the wall I'd have to cry. I never see a sight of her till three years afther that, afther I coming home. I was coming out o' the fair at Enniscar, an' I was talking to a man an' we coming down Dangan Hill, and what was in it but herself coming up in a cart! An' I didn't look at her, good nor bad, nor know her, but sorra bit but she knew me talking. an' she turned in to me with the cart. 'Ho, ho, ho!' says she, and she stuck her nose into me like she'd be kissing me. Be dam, but I had to cry. An' the world wouldn't stir her out o' that till I'd lead her on meself. As for cow nor dog nor any other thing, there's nothing would rise your heart like a horse!"

And if horses are irresistible, so are Centaurs. That is the moral to be drawn from "Dan Russel the Fox," the latest work from the pens of Miss Somerville and Miss Martin, in which the rival claims of culture and fox-hunting are subjected to a masterly analysis.

The joint authors of the "R.M."

have paid forfeit for their popularity by being expected to repeat their first resounding success. Happily the pressure of popular demand has not impaired the artistic excellence of their work, though we cannot help thinking that if they had been left to themselves they might have given us at least one other novel on the lines of "The Real Charlotte." Their later work, again, has been subjected to the ordeal, we do not say of conscious imitation, but of comparison with books which would probably have never been written, or would have been written on another plan, but for the success of the "R.M." To regard this rivalry as serious would be, in the opinion of the present writer, an abnegation of the critical faculty.

The only formidable competitor Miss Martin and Miss Somerville have encountered is the genial writer who chooses to veil his identity under the freakish pseudonym of "George A. Birmingham." Canon Hannay—for there can be no longer any breach of literary etiquette in alluding to him by his real name—had already made his mark as a serious or semi-serious observer of the conflicting tendencies, social and political, of the Ireland of to-day before he diverged into the paths of fantastic and frivolous comedy. "The Seething Pot," "Hyalinth," and "Benedict Kavanagh" are extremely suggestive and dispassionate studies of various aspects of the Irish temperament, but they do not come within the scope of the present survey. It is enough for our present purpose to note the consequences of a request addressed to Canon Hannay by two young ladies somewhere about the year 1907 that he would "write a story about treasure buried on an island." The fact is recorded in the dedication of "Spanish Gold," his response to the appeal, and the first of that series of jocund extravaganzas

which have earned for him the gratitude of all who regard amusement as the prime object of fiction.

The contrast between his methods and those of the joint authors discussed above is apparent at every turn. He maintains the impartiality which marked his serious novels in his treatment of all classes of the community, but it is the impartiality not of a detached and self-effacing observer, but of a genial satirist. His knowledge of the Ireland that he knows is intimate and precise, and is shown by a multiplicity of illuminating details and an effective use of local color. But the co-operation of non-Irish characters is far more essential to the development of his plots than in the case of the novels of Miss Somerville and Miss Martin. The mainspring of their stories is Irish right through. He depends on a situation which might have occurred just as well in England or America, while employing the conditions of Irish life to give it a characteristic twist or series of twists. Even his most notable creation, the Reverend Joseph Jehn Meldon, is too restlessly energetic to be an altogether typical Irishman, to say nothing of his unusual attitude in politics: "Nothing on earth would induce me to mix myself up with any party." An Irishman of immense mental activity, living in Ireland, and yet wholly unpolitical is something of a freak. Again, while the tone of Canon Hannay's books is admirably wholesome, and while his frank distaste for the squalors of the problem novel will meet with general sympathy, there is no denying that his treatment of the "love interest" is for the most part perfunctory or even farcical. Lastly, in regard to style he differs widely from the authors of the "R.M." Their note is a vivid conciseness; his the easy charm of a flowing pen, always unaffected, often picturesque and even

eloquent, never offending, but seldom practising the art of omission.

But it is ungrateful to subject to necessarily damaging comparisons an author to whom we owe the swift passage of so many pleasant hours. It might be hard to find the exact counterpart of "J.J." in the flesh, but he is none the less an unforgettable person, this athletic, exuberant, unkempt curate, unscrupulous but not unprincipled, who lied fluently, not for any mean purpose, but for the joy of mystification or in order to carry out his plans, or justify his arguments. His crowning achievement is his conquest of Mr. Willoughby, the Chief Secretary, by a masterly vindication of his conduct on the lines of Pragmatism—"a statement isn't a lie if it proves itself in actual practice to be useful—it's true." "J.J." only once meets his match—in Father Mulcrone, the parish priest of Inishmore, who sums up the philosophy of government in his criticism of Mr. Willoughby's successor: "A fellow that starts off by thinking himself clever enough to know what's true and what isn't will do no good in Ireland. A simple-hearted innocent kind of man has a better chance." Needless to say, the rival treasure-hunters, both of them rogues, are bested at all points by the two padres, while poetic justice is satisfied by the fact that the treasure falls into the adhesive hands of the poor Islanders, and "J.J.'s" general integrity is fully re-established in the epilogue, where, transplanted to an English colliery village, he devotes his energies to the conversions of agnostics, blasphemers and wife-beaters.

The extravagance of the plot is redeemed by the realism of the details; by acute sidelights on the tortuous workings of the native mind, with its strange blending of shrewdness and innocence; by faithful reproductions

of the talk of those "qui amant omnia dubitantius loqui" and habitually say "it might" instead of "yes." And there are delightful digressions on the subject of relief works; hits at the Irish-speaking movement; pungent classifications of the visitors to the wild west of Ireland; and, now and again, in the rare moments when the author chooses to be serious, passages marked by fine insight and sympathy. Such is the picture of Thomas O'Flaherty Pat, the patriarch of the treasure island:

"An elderly man and five out of the nine children resident on the island stood on the end of the pier when Meldon and the Major landed. The man was clad in a very dirty white flannel jacket and a pair of yellowish flannel trousers, which hung in a tattered fringe round his naked feet and ankles. He had a long white beard and grey hair, long as a woman's, drawn straight back from his forehead. The hair and beard were both unkempt and matted. But the man held himself erect and looked straight at the strangers through great dark eyes. His hands, though battered and scarred with toil, were long and shapely. His face had a look of dignity, of a certain calm and satisfied superiority. Men of this kind are to be met with here and there among the Connacht peasantry. They are in reality children of a vanishing race, of a lost civilization, a bygone culture. They watch the encroachments of another race and new ideas with a sort of sorrowful contempt. It is as if, understanding and despising what they see around them, they do not consider it worth while to try to explain themselves; as if, possessing a wisdom of their own, and aesthetic joy of which the modern world knows nothing, they are content to let both die with them rather than attempt to teach them to men of a wholly different outlook upon life."

The element of extravaganza is more strongly marked in the plot of "The

Search Party," which deals with the kidnapping of a number of innocent people by an anti-militant anarchist who has set up a factory of explosives in the neighborhood of Ballymoy. "J.J." does not appear in *propria persona*, but most of his traits are to be found in Dr. O'Grady, an intelligent but happy-go-lucky young doctor. The most attractive person in the story, however, is Lord Manton, a genially cynical peer with highly original views on local government and the advantages of unpopularity. Thus when he did not want Patsy Devlin, the drunken smith, to be elected inspector of sheep-dipping, he strongly supported his candidature for the following reasons:

"There's a lot of stupid talk nowadays about the landlords having lost all their power in the country. It's not a bit true. They have plenty of power, more than they ever had, if they only knew how to use it. All I have to do if I want a particular man not to be appointed to anything is to write a strong letter in his favor to the Board of Guardians or the County Council, or whatever body is doing the particular job that happens to be on hand at the time. The League comes down on my man at once, and he hasn't the ghost of a chance."

Other of the *dramatis personae* verge on caricature, but the story has many exhilarating moments.

Exhilarating, too, is "The Major's Niece," which is founded on an extremely improbable *improbabilia*. So precise and businesslike a man as Major Kent was not likely to make a mistake of seven or eight years in the age of a visitor especially when the visitor happened to be his own sister's child. However, the initial improbability may be readily condoned in view of the entertaining sequel. "J.J." reappears in his best form, Marjorie is a most engaging tomboy, and the fun never

flags for an instant. But much as we love "J.J.," we reluctantly recognize in "The Simpkins Plot" that you can have too much of a good thing, and that a man who would be a nuisance as a neighbor in real life is in danger of becoming a bore in a novel. That Simpkins should have been unpopular was only natural. He could not help being a land agent, but might have known better than to set up as a reformer of minor abuses dear to the Irish. In short, he had "a busy and vigorous mind of a sort not uncommon among incompetent people." "J.J." was unconvinced of his iniquities until he heard that he had been bothering the rector about the heating of the church. Whereupon "J.J." immediately resolved to marry off Simpkins to a lady whom he believed to be a murderess. Of course, she was not really; it was a case of mistaken identity; but it taxes Canon Hannay's powers to the utmost to reconcile us to the rather cruel practical joking to which "J.J." resorts in his campaign against the unfortunate Simpkins.

As a set-off, however, the digressions and irrelevances are as good as ever. It is pleasant to be reminded of such facts as that wedding cake is invariably eaten by the Irish post-office officials, or to listen to Doctor O'Donoghue on the nutrition of infants:

"You can rear a child, whether it has the whooping cough or not, on pretty near anything, so long as you give it enough of whatever it is you do give it."

Of Canon Hannay's later novels two demand special attention and for widely different reasons. In "The Red Hand of Ulster," reverting to politics—politics, moreover, of the most explosive kind—he achieved the well-nigh impossible in at once doing full justice to the dour sincerity of the Orange North and yet conciliating

Nationalist susceptibilities. In "The Inviolable Sanctuary" he has shown that a first-rate public-school athlete, whose skill in pastime is confined to ball games, cuts a sorry figure alongside of a chit of a girl who can handle a boat. This salutary if humiliating truth is enforced not from any desire to further Feminist principles, for Canon Hannay's attitude towards women betrays no belief in the equality of sexes, but because he cannot be bothered with the sentimentality of conventional love-making. It may be on this account that he more than once assigns a leading rôle to an ingenuous young Amazon into whose ken the planet of Love will not swim for another four or five years.

During the last thirty years the alleged decadence of Irish humor has been a frequent theme of pessimistic critics. Various causes have been invoked to account for the phenomenon which, when dispassionately considered, amounted to this, that the rollicking novel of incident and adventure had died with Lever. So, for the matter of that, had novels of the "Frank Fairleigh" type with their authors. The ascendancy of Parnell and the régime of the Land League did not make for gaiety, yet even these influences were powerless to eradicate the inherent absurdities of Irish life, and the authors of the "R.M." entered on a career as far back as 1889 which has been a triumphal disproof of this allegation. At their best they have interpreted normal Irishmen and Irishwomen, gentle and simple, with unsurpassed fidelity and sympathy. But to award them the supremacy in this *genre* both as realists and as writers does not detract from the success won in a different sphere by Canon Hannay. His goal is less ambitious and his aim is less unflinching, but, as an improviser of whimsical situations and an ironic commentator

on the actualities of Irish life, he has invented a new form of literary entertainment. *The Quarterly Review.*

tainment, which has the double merit of being at once diverting and instructive. *C. L. Graves.*

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS.

BY HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE.

CHAPTER IV. "Lile Jack Lister."

Two miles away, across the valley, Roger saw the house of Lingfield, lying snug and spacious in the middle of its guardian trees. The first smoke of the new day was rising from the chimney-stack of the kitchen into the grey-red mist; for the servants there, like their master, were astir betimes. In his present mood that little shaft of smoke—drowsy with the reluctance attaching to all early-rising—pointed Roger's way for him. It happened that the man who owned it—"Lile Jack Lister," as the country name for him went—was his firm comrade, and first on that slender list of men who were prepared without warning or persuasion to ride on the forlorn hope.

"I'll breakfast with lile Jack," he thought, with a sense of friendliness and well-being.

Before he had well dipped down the slope of the valley and was climbing the further rise, half his trouble had left him. He had eyes again for the beauties of the new-born day, which to the country-man is never stale, but rather grows at once more intimate and more lovable, like the wife of a man when he has chanced to marry his true mate. He saw the live things, furred and feathered, that were following their natural pursuits, because the day was too young as yet for them to fear man's intrusion. He saw wonders of swift color, chasing each other across the eager sky—blue and crimson, saffron and fugitive, deep streaks of purple—that were bright as if the

dew had washed them. And underfoot were the watered hollows where the mists ran up to meet the sun, treading a grey-white land of mystery. The scent of the brackens was keen. The smell of the sunlight, drinking up the mists, was cool and pleasant. Roger was undisciplined as yet, with a heart that was sounder than his head; and it seemed to him that the old world he knew must needs go on and prosper, because it did not reek of machinery-oil and grind human lives in the mills of progress.

He went up the field-tracks, passed in by the wicket-gate that led through rhododendrons—thriving well in their peaty soil—to Lingfield House. And again he felt at home. The house-front, with its mullioned windows, its gravelled drive, its charitable, quiet air of contentment, made the mills seem very far away.

He entered without knocking, and found Jack Lister sitting down to a dish of kidneys and bacon.

Scent of the bracken and the dawn had been good; but Roger knew at last that he was hungry.

"The half of your kingdom, Jack," he said, bringing a chair up to the table.

"It isn't much of a gift, Roger, but you're welcome to it. These mill-masters have left us little enough."

"They've left us kidneys and bacon, anyhow."

"So far—yes," the other agreed, with the slow, tired smile that deceived men till they knew him. "Best

set to work on them, before the lean days come."

Both had healthy appetites, in spite of landworries; for presently they turned to the round of pressed beef standing on the sideboard. They talked in snatches, and fell silent between whiles, as friends do when their comradeship has grown pliable, like an old coat that knows its wearer.

"We were talking of mill-masters," said Roger, filling his pipe almost before he had finished the last mouthful.

"Very likely. They've been clouding my bit of sky lately. I'm ashamed to own, Roger, that I dream of the beggars at night—fancy the chimneys overhead growing taller and taller—hear looms racketing and purring in the parlor my poor mother cherished—it's not healthy, I tell you, to think too much of folk you loathe."

There was no outward likeness between these two. Roger was big, loose-built, ready always to laugh a little ahead of a jest. Jack Lister, small, compact, quick of hand and brain, seldom laughed; it was a foible of his to hide his keen zest for life, his aptitude for the troublesome game, behind a mask of indolence. But, under all surface differences, these two were akin to each other, sharing the same outlook, ready to venture much together, giving trust absolute and fearing no gulle along that royal road which strong men's friendships take.

Across the moor Roger had looked at Lingfield House, had crossed to it as a bee takes its line. He sought help in need; and, unexpectedly, he found that he was asked for help instead. Jack Lister was not the man to talk of nightmares, and looms humming in his dead mother's parlor, unless the world had used him very ill of late.

"What is it, Jack?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing at all. A man came up yesterday wanting to buy my name. I told him it wasn't for sale. We'll go round and look at the dogs, Roger."

Roger humored him, welcomed old friends in the kennels, praised two new purchases—a setter and a spaniel—and filled his pipe again.

"He wanted to buy your name? Who was he?"

"Goodness knows. I've forgotten. He was a decent chap enough, so far as he went, and he had some game about a mill-concern down yonder. I was to be chairman of his little company."

"Good!" said Roger, with his devil-may-care, infectious laugh. "You'd make a fine chairman, Jack. Your knowledge of tops and nolls—and warp-dressings—"

"Goes deep," assented Lister, with quiet irony; "but I told him that I know more about the way to throw a fly when there's a nice fresh coming down the river. He said that didn't matter, 'because what they wanted, like, was a good, land-owning name to set them on their legs.' You'd have laughed outright, Roger, and spoiled it all; but I didn't; I just led him on, till I had his view of life in a nutshell. Then he offered me a bribe—it was a fairly handsome bribe—to become chairman of a going concern, and I explained matters to him, from our point of view. He seemed puzzled, honestly puzzled, because I wouldn't 'earn an easy-come-by-it bit o' money.'"

"Why?" asked Roger, grave on the sudden. "Why do we go on throwing their money back at them? They're going to conquer us, Jack. We know it."

A quiet fire glowed in Lister's eyes—the eyes that, for a moment, were not tired. "For awhile, Roger—just

for awhile. The landowner's creed will return—it must return, because it's rooted in the soil—because it's bottomed on reality."

Roger did not know his friend in this new mood. Lister was content to think alone—to think clearly and fearlessly—of the problems facing Marshcotes moorside since steam had been chosen monarch of them all. The offer of a bribe to-day had bothered him; the steady self-restraint he had kept upon himself was finding its reaction now. He talked as he had seldom done during the years of their close intimacy.

"The mills can clothe us, but they can't make food for us," he went on, with the quietness of a man who speaks of what has lain near his thoughts for many years. "The mills can make money to buy food with—so long as the food is there to buy. But suppose the old Bonaparte scare—the scare your grandfather and mine talked of over their second bottle, Roger—suppose it came true in dead earnest? Suppose we were cut off from food supplies? The bit of real country they've left us would score then. We could kill our sheep, and feed on them, and make clothes from their fleeces—there are plenty of hand-loom still left about the moorside."

"But, Jack," the other interrupted, "old Boney is fairly dead by this time. Susan After-Wit used to scare me in the nursery with tales she'd heard from her mother, but I grew up to laugh at that sort of nonsense."

Jack Lister was unburdening himself of many thoughts, held under too long. He welcomed the relief of speech, and drove straight through Roger's flippancy. "Boney is more alive than ever. He's at our doors, my friend, under another name." He looked down the pastures, where the first smoke of the chimneys was drifting, foul and thick, across the

clean mists of the morning. "You've heard what is happening down yonder? The men are kicking, Roger—kicking like a horse that's tired of taking fences. They are learning their power. The masters are too busy money-making to look about them, or they'd know that strikes are brewing up like thunder. The storm mayn't break to-morrow—not for a year or two, may be—but it will come. The new Boney won't need to get his men across the Channel and land them safely before he gets to work. His men are here in our midst, ready when King Strike calls them out. And then, my friend, there'll be a big war—a civil war."

"We shall be lookers-on, Jack. It will be a good fight to watch. The mills have left us nothing to lose either way."

Again the glint of fire in Lister's eyes. "There'll be no lookers-on when that day comes—except the women and the cripples. You and I, Roger—we shall go down and fight for the mill-masters, I fancy, though our hearts will be with the men they've taken from the plough to feed their mills."

"What has happened to you, Jack? You were easy-going once."

"That was my fun," said Lister gently. "The world likes easy-going men. It crucifies you always if it guesses just how big the world is as you see it."

It was their hour of understanding—the hour that knits up long years of comradeship and threads the skein with glamor. Jack Lister was passably well-off, with few outstanding debts to meet, but he looked with misgiving toward the years ahead. Roger was thinking of his father, looking often over-shoulder as if a ghost pursued him—of his mother, wearing clothes that did not fit a great-hearted lady, proud of birth and wide of sympathy

—of Cicely, something between a tom-boy and a young Diana, as she went down the russet wood beside him and talked of Brussels.

Both men had their troubles, gathering weight with the years as they passed. Each had fought his way silently, except for a random confidence here and there that was explained the next moment on the plea of ill-temper or a supper overnight that had not agreed too well with sleep. But to-day they met as men do who have climbed a rock-face together—one strong always at the rope when the other chanced to lose his footing. They had found a resting place, half up the steep precipice of life, and were looking down at the perils that had been a ladder to them.

They had played and fought together as lads. Later, they had shot and hunted together, had taken counsel touching rents that grumbling tenants said were too high for the evil days that had overtaken farming-folk. In all things they had been comrades, and it was a by-word about the moor-side that "If a man wanted to know Maister Roger's view of a matter, like, and couldn't find him, he'd only to step up to lile Jack Lister's house, knowing varry weel that one would allus answer for t' other."

They stood now, in great content and amity, on the strip of intaken land that lay between the heather and the smoky hollow.

"You've helped me, Jack," said Roger, at the end of a long silence. "I knew you would. I was offered a bribe only yesterday, and I've had the devil of a time, wondering why I was fool enough to decline it. You know Phineas Oldroyd?"

"As I know a weasel, Roger. The law doesn't let one shoot him, and nall his hide up on the stable-door."

"He wants to buy Eller Beck

Mead. The price he offers would make you laugh."

"It wouldn't—not if it bought up the countryside, Roger. Blood-money never prospered yet."

"Don't worry, Jack, I've declined the offer."

"What else?" asked Lister, returning to his old passiveness.

"Ah, just so. There's always something else, Jack. There's my father, racked by debts and the need to keep on the old traditions—there's mother, wearing clothes that would shame a farm-wife, because economy, with her, has grown to be a nightmare. There are three good farms to be sold above the heads of men who won't thank me for the treachery."

Lister pointed to the smoke that was belching from the chimneys down below. "It's odd, Roger. I've been through that sort of mill myself, and it grinds small—devilish small. But I'd rather be ground fine as powder in that mill than in—those others."

"You play the lone hand, Jack. You're alone in the world. I'm not. You don't understand what it means when—when your own folk will have to suffer, too. I'd pay my own footing gladly—but—there's just the something else."

Jack Lister, bachelor and sole master of the house he ruled with a rod of iron encased in velvet, could find no answer to a problem remote from his experience. And again there was a silence, intimate and kindly, while Lister saw his friend as far as the low pastures—"saw him agateards, like," as the country speech has it.

"Cicely is going to Brussels," said Lister carelessly, as if he spoke of the weather or the crops. "We shall miss her, Roger."

"Why, of course," snapped the other. "We shall all miss Cicely."

They glanced at each other. The same mellow sunlight was over heath

and pasture-land. The land was as they had known it, boy and man, through many bygone autumns. It was they who had changed; and, man-like, they fancied that the whole face of nature was pleased to shift its mood to theirs.

Across their friendship, across the intimacy that seemed unbreakable as rock, a rift had opened suddenly. A child they were fond of happened to be going to Brussels, to learn deportment and much nonsense there; and they had all but quarrelled at the mention of her name.

Roger thought of the beech-wood, dying like a warrior in its crimson bravery, thought of the something intangible, yet real, that had happened to him yesterday as he watched the leaves fall and eddy round Cicely's slight, comely person. It seemed profane that any man should speak of her just yet; already, though he did not guess it, he was up in arms to protect her against the gentlest wind that blew. The old, unconquerable spark had lit his manhood, as with fire; and idle men would have said that he was in love with tomboy Cicely, not heeding that love is a word unmeaning, standing equally for the marshlights luring men into the bogs and for the starshine that tempts them up the cleanly hills. For himself, he did not know what had happened to him. He only knew that he resented any mention of Cicely's name.

They stood together at the pasture-gate, Jack Lister and he. And, because habit is kindly in its influence, they glanced again at each other and laughed.

"What are we quarrelling about?" asked Roger.

"Nothing at all, Roger. We agreed that we shall miss Cicely—and that we loathe the mills."

After they had said good-bye, Lister called his friend back. "You're due

to shoot pheasants with me to-morrow, Roger. Don't forget. These mill-lads—curse and bless 'em—haven't forgotten poaching ways. We'll clear up our bit of countryside before they've snared all our game."

"Trust me," said Roger.

And somehow all differences were cleared between them. Love has many meanings, but trust has only one. Trust is like a turnpike-road, easy for any man to follow if he has sound feet and the right sort of courage.

Roger swung down the field-track, and reached Marsh House as his mother was half through breakfast. She was alone, for the Squire was nursing a sharp attack of gout upstairs.

Something in the look she gave him—a smile breaking through troubles that had lined her face before its time—brought Roger to her side. He stooped and kissed her; and because she knew him heedless in these matters, she valued his sympathy the more. In spite of herself, she cried a little.

"Times are not easy, mother, I know," he said, striding up and down the room in a man's helpless way.

"Roger, it—it seems treason to your father to speak at all of it, but I cannot bear it any longer. He looks behind him so often, as if he were pursued."

"Yes. It is—is rather worrying, mother. He's not well——"

"No excuses, by your leave," she broke in sharply. "He used to seek his foes in front—he might have come home to me, my dear, with fifty wounds in front, and I'd have been glad. Oh, God forgive me," she broke off, with a repentance passionate as her outburst. "He's my husband, Roger—and I do not know what ails him—and he is very dear to me."

"Debts make a man look behind

him," said the other, knowing he talked idly.

"No. It goes deeper than money. Your father was always careless of it. There's some trouble eating at the heart of him. I have shared all his secrets, Roger, until now."

The son forgot his man's impatience of emotion. He heard the little break in his mother's voice, understood the forlornness of it. "He is not ashamed, at any rate," he said. "I know him, mother—he is not ashamed."

"That's loyalty, and I like you for it. But—I think—I think he is ashamed. And we could help him through with it, you and I—if he would let us."

Roger thought of the half confession, worse than none at all, which the Squire had made to him last night as they walked down Barguest Lane. And he, too, knew that there was something very much amiss somewhere. "Has he told you of Oldroyd's offer?" he asked by and by.

"Yes. It has worried him."

"He asked me to decide. We're going to decline it."

"What else? Surely there's no choice."

Again Roger felt that he had decided wisely, after all. The mills might smoke as they would; rents might go down, and landed prosperity recede at the bidding of men who needed water-power; but in their own house of Marsh these two were in full sympathy. And it is just this sympathy within the four walls of his home that makes fighting in the open, before and afterwards, a pleasant business for a man, as all strong and knowledgeable women know.

"It will mean hardship, mother."

"There are worse friends," she said quietly. "I have learned to thrive on rough weather, though your father despaired of me when he first brought me home as his wife."

And then, as their way was, they shut a trap-door on all worries. Roger had a good story, gleaned yesterday, about some moorside happening; and his mother had a better, told her this morning as she went into the dairy before breakfast to see how it went with the churning. They had a whole half-hour together—each moment counted by the mother, as a miser reckons up his gold—before the son, in his restless, go-afield way, remembered that a man would be waiting for him who had some ferrets to sell.

She watched him go—tall, brick-red of face, alert in every muscle—a son to be proud of—a countryman born and bred, who feared little except the God who made him. And yet she sighed. He was so heedless, somehow. He had no line of route to guide him across the new days that were coming. He could only recede, fighting step by step as her husband had done, from the smoke that was growing thicker every year round Marshcotes village.

She had had her high dreams of him, as every mother has of every son born to her in travail. She had pictured him—before and after he was born—as a son who would not be fighting always with his back to the wall, but as a leader of light cavalry, who would ride down from the hills at a stormy gallop and take the mill-country by assault. The dream was unpractical, absurd in detail; but underlying it there had always been a keen sense that, if she could point Roger's way for him, there would be a Holt at last who fought a winning, not a losing battle.

Upstairs, as it happened, lay the man who might one day, by his very weakness, put the battle-standard into Roger's hands. At the moment he thought little of his heir or of his wife. Gout was racking him, from his head to his swollen feet, and pain

is a great leveller of pride. He was remembering only that he was tried almost beyond human bearing, and that the big sin of his life lay heavy on him. In health and vigor he had sinned—sinned royally, to keep his house secure for the wife he loved and for the heir he idolized—sinned, not for himself, but for others. Now, in his weakness, he could remember no excuse of any kind for the deed that, to his own conscience, separated him from the company of honest men.

Mrs. Holt stayed on at the breakfast-table, looking out across the long, mullioned window-space. There was a Japonica, planted when Roger celebrated his first birthday, whose branches were hiding half the casement. Her thoughts went back to the days that had been—further back even than the planting of the Japonica—and she recalled her first-coming as a bride to Marsh House. The pleasant South had bred her, and her husband's people—his intimates, his tenant-farmers and his servants—all alike had chilled her, as a north wind does until one learns to grow warm by facing it. Even now, with many troubles closing round her, she smiled at the fanciful hardships that had been real to her. The folk here on the uplands had been so cold, at first, so reticent, that she had thought them all her enemies. She had learned instead that the moorland heart is not worn on the sleeve, but asks for leisure in which to approve a new-comer at his worth. Slowly, as the years went by, she had learned that feelings went deep, here in the north that trained its men and women to show a hard front to the weather. Little by little—true understanding seldom runs at flood, as come-and-go streams do—she had grown into intimacy with her neighbors. She had learned that they were stanch and trusty. From that moment she had begun to wear rough

clothes, in keeping with the weather; and once, years ago, she had overheard a farmer mutter to his neighbor, after she had passed them with a greeting, that "Squire's wife began to wear her clothes, like, as Squire's wife should."

Looking back now along the past, she recalled that frank, easy-going criticism, and she realized how true and broad the judgment was. She could wear pretty frocks still, when need asked it, could play the great lady, with the traditions of her husband's race behind her; but she had learned that life went deeper than its ceremonies. She had always been honest, fearless; and the clothes she wore nowadays—which Roger in his innocence thought due to the poverty of their house—were no more than the candid badge of her new faith. The heart and soul of her, no less than the body needing raiment, had faced the upland weather; and it was good to go in rough, thick homespun that did not fear the wind.

To-day, because she was harassed to the last edge of endurance, she saw past and future with a vision clear as the hill-lights between the edge of one storm and the coming of another. The South had spoiled and petted her, before her marriage. Few winds had blown there, and she had lived in a fairy-land where she was the spoiled queen in a land of make-believe. If she had been weaker, this country of the moors would have killed her, inch by inch, because it was so strong and dominant, so insistent on the creed that strong hearts only were needed in its midst. She had chosen to climb up the hills that fronted her, instead of dying gracefully before setting foot on them; and she had found that, with every upland step she took, a finer and a cooler air blew round her.

Once, when Roger was born, she had made a new world for herself

again. The baby was so soft and clinging, like the old, easy life she had sacrificed for love of the north-country squire; and she had made much of the bairn, until he, too, began to ask to walk when he was a year old, and to climb trees when he was three. After that, her common-sense asserted itself. She learned—without travail, more bitter than child-birth—that the men bred on this countryside were swift for the open and the storm, like cock-grouse reared among the heather. In all things they were wild—in their loves, their hates, their despal of life's hothouse shams. And she was here, glad after thirty years of insight to be among a virile and clean-minded folk. She could not forget, with a little glow of pride at the remembrance, that the men and women of her adopted country came more to her each year, asking counsel, sympathy, till she was tired of giving out and often went to bed dizzy with the effort of it all.

To-day, as she looked down the slopes that she had climbed since leaving the lowlands at bidding of the man she loved, she found only thankfulness that she stood where she did. The hardship and the stress had been worth while—the long winters, the hard upper-crust of her husband's people that hid so sound a tenderness—the hot days of summer and the toll of hay-winning—all made up the round of discipline that she had trod. And the road did not seem hard at all just now; she remembered only that many flowers had grown on each side of the way.

Then again trouble closed round her. The tears were so thick across her eyes that she could not see the window-space in front. There was her husband, changed beyond recognition. There were debts, and an income that lessened year by year—and there was Roger, the one son she had,

round whom she had woven dreams so big and masterful that they should have been split up amongst six or seven strapping brothers. And Roger—he was easy-going. She knew well enough that in other times—say, when the fends swept the moors like a trumpet-call—he would have been a leader, quick to strike and slow to yield. But in these humdrum days he was content to grow hard and lean in the service of field-sports, content to come home o' nights, and eat like a plough-boy, and laugh at the mill-masters who were creeping yard by yard up the moor's stubborn face.

She chided herself for her doubt of Roger. Making all due allowance for a mother's partiality, she knew that he was clean of mind and heart, a man popular among his fellows. She should have been content; yet somehow her heart was aching, because her dreams had aimed too high. With the good sense that she had learned from hardship, she knew that it was idle to laugh at the men who were building mills down yonder. They had come, and they would continue; it was for her men—the men who stood for country air and not for steam—to go down and fight a useful battle. She had no plan of action. Women seldom have. But, close at her heart, there was a sense that Roger was not doing a man's work in this world of debts and strife that was closing round her.

She had sat at table longer than she guessed; and presently Roger came striding back from the stables, glanced into the room, and put his head in through the open window.

"Still there, mother?" he asked, with the old, infectious laugh. "I've bought those ferrets. They are good at their trade—with a nose as delicate as a lady's, as Jabe o' the Barns would say."

"You always do buy," said Mrs. Holt, crossing to the window-sill. She

was glad to see her big son again, though he had been absent less than half-an-hour. "When do we begin to save, Roger?"

"There's nothing to save on, mother. That's the joy of it. I'll come in and show you the spaniel. She has the bonniest nose from this to Pendle Hill—the old liar who sold her swore that he was speaking gospel truth—"

"Roger, I'm very tired," she broke in, with a sudden need to lean on him.

"Mother, I know. We're all tired. This filthy smoke is creeping into our lives——"

"Why let it creep?" she asked sharply. "Go down and do something, my dear."

"Anything you bid."

"Ah, but I don't know what to bid. You have to find out that—if you're a man at all."

She had wounded him. In some muddled way she knew that she had meant to wound him; but it hurt her none the less that he went out without a word. For the rest of the day she did not see him, until they met at supper-time; and then he was his old self, bringing a smell of fresh air with him and an appetite that was untouched by difficulties.

But that night he dreamed of battle, as his forbears had dreamed in the far-off days of feud. The scene was Eller Beck Mead, and it was a single combat between Phineas Oldroyd and himself. They struck and countered, hacked and hewed, as Phineas never could have fought in this present year of grace. And sometimes Oldroyd pushed him back; and again he held his own; and just as he was falling in the combat, Cicely came, slight and girlish, through a wood where the beech-leaves danced in crimson revelry.

"Strike!" she said, "As you love me, strike."

And Roger, in his dreams, drove in at Phineas Oldroyd and won his battle. And then he woke, and felt the dawn-wind strike through the open window.

"I'm due with lil Jack at eight," he muttered, half between sleep and waking. "I never felt less like hitting my birds."

Yet he shot well, as it happened, though a high wind was blowing and the pheasants were wild as the storm itself. Perhaps his mother's taunt had heartened him to prove that he could do one thing well, at least; at any rate, his luck was in to-day.

"You've done pretty well, Roger," said Lister, as they took their tired bodies down towards home.

"I couldn't help it, Jack. It came to me, like a prophet's mantle—and the birds were big as a haystack."

"I know. It's a queer feeling in the bones. There's nothing like it."

They halted at the stile where they took separate ways.

"My lady mother doesn't think much of me," said Holt, showing his open wound at last. "She told me yesterday that I was only half a man—wanted me to go making money, to save the house. Jack, we've known each other fairly well. Do I seem the sort of man who could do anything with money, except spend it?"

"Yes," said Lister tranquilly, "if you had to make it for some one else. Left to yourself, you'd never make it."

Roger was in an odd mood. His father's trick of glancing over-shoulder, as if Barguest were not buried long since with old wives' superstitions—Cicely's going to Brussels to learn parlor tricks—the growing load of debts—all had weakened his control of temper. And Lister's dry, half-contemptuous outlook upon life maddened him just now.

"Have you learned the way of

making money?" he snapped. "I know your debts—and you know mine——"

"Yes. But I'm free of ties. There's not a soul from this to Pendle who'd miss me if I went. You've all the luck in that way, Roger."

Roger was quick for anger or compunction, in this mood of his. He understood, as friends of long standing do, that Lister took no great cheer, after all, of his freedom to rule his house alone. "Oh, you're right, I suppose—and it's good to have folk who need you—good-night, Mr Jack."

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(To be continued.)

His home-track took him over the hill-top that looked down on Eller Beck Mead. The hollow lay like fairy-land, with the grey mists trailing in and out among the crimson rowan-leaves. It should have been a haunt of peace; but even the red of the rowans was a haunting battle-standard now to Roger.

"As God sees me," he said, with a passion that surprised him by its depth and resolution, "I'll not sell that plot of land."

SHIFTING SCENES IN LAPLAND.

The Lappish folk never speak of themselves as Laplanders, or Lapps: they are the Samelatsh, they say, the Unknown People, the people of whom no one knows anything, not even whence they came. If any mention is made in their presence of Norwegian, Swedish, Finnish, or Russian Lapland, their feelings are sorely wounded; for there is only one Lapland, they hold, and it is their land, the land of the Samelatsh.

These folk, as other folk, have their whims and fancies, their little peculiarities too. They regard soap, for instance, with profound mistrust, and have no great faith in washing; no faith at all, indeed, in washing in warm water. As soon as a baby is born, they bathe it in cold water; and they bathe it again, always in cold water, every day until, should it live so long, it is two years old. Then the end comes. The child is pronounced clean for life and has never another bath.

I once found a tourists' Station in a state of great excitement: an old Laplander had just presented himself and asked to be allowed to have a hot

bath. Such a thing had never happened before; and what the result would be, if his request were granted, no one could imagine. Yet granted it must be: that was a point on which all agreed; for the Station's mission is the spreading of light, and with light goes cleanliness.

He was led off to the bathing-house and there he was left, after the whys and wherefores of the various taps and plugs had been made known to him. For three whole hours nothing was seen of him, only there was a ceaseless running of water into and out of the bath. At length he reappeared, but he was not the same man: whether a leopard can change its spots or not, this Laplander had assuredly changed his colors. For his skin, which had been dark brown, was about the shade of grey thread; while his hair, which had looked almost black, was as white as the snow on his mountains. As he trudged off on his way he was evidently feeling somewhat exhausted; still, he bore himself proudly, as becomed the first of his nation to take a hot bath of his own free will. The last, too, perhaps; for,

so long as I was there, no other Lapp ever appeared at the Station in quest of hot water. Nor did he himself return there; never again, indeed, was he either seen or heard of. Certain consciences were therefore troubled on his account; and some of us took to railing against the modern mania for washing.

The Lapps are not a light-hearted race: there is more sorrow than joy in the ring of their voices; while as for their faces! the saddest face I have ever seen in the whole course of my life was the face of a poor old Lappish woman whom I came across last year. There was something quite terrible in the expression of her eyes, it was so hopelessly miserable. Had she been bereft at one fell swoop of all her kith and kin, together with everything she had ever possessed, every hope she ever cherished, she could not have looked more desolate.

She was lying fully dressed on a pretty white bed, in a room as cheery and comfortable as hands could make it; and on a table by her side was a quite dainty little meal, which three other old Lappish women were striving hard to coax her into eating. She might have been a stock or stone, however, for any heed she paid to their pleadings; she never spoke, never moved; she just lay there as one stricken: the sorrow that had come upon her was evidently greater than she could bear. There she had lain, just as I saw her, without bite or sup, from the moment when, two days before, she had been brought in to this refuge the community provides for the forsaken. And there she would lie, the matron seemed to think, until death came. For her heart was broken—broken because she would never again tread the great white mountains she loved as she had never loved any human being. She was a childless widow, old and feeble, surly

perhaps to boot; and her kinsfolk had left her behind when they went off to the highlands that spring.

In another refuge, a quite charming old-age home in Jämtland, I found eleven more old Lapps who had been "left behind" because the days of their strength had passed. They looked the very picture of comfort sitting there in their pretty parlor, men and women side by side, all in arm-chairs. Everything around them was Lappish in color, Lappish in form, too, so far as possible; and they were all wearing the quaint Swedish Lapp dress with its bright blues, yellows, and reds. These old people were, as I knew, all well fed; and they were all treated with deference as well as kindness: they were petted and humored, their tastes and wishes were consulted, and infinite trouble was taken to make them feel happy as well as at home. Never had they been so well cared for in their lives before, they declared emphatically, in reply to an inquiry; never so well housed, fed, and clothed. None the less there was an oddly wistful look in the old men's faces, a look that made me think of the old woman I had seen lying on her bed only a few days before. They were all sitting with their poor dim old eyes fixed longingly on the great white mountains; and on some of their cheeks there were tear-stains. There was not one among them, and the youngest was nearly eighty, who would not have tramped off gladly to the mountains there and then, if his legs would have carried him, even though he knew that he would have nothing but a stone on which to lay his head there, and would be face to face with the grim wolf, let him turn where he would. Life is but a sorry business for the true Lapp when he can no longer betake himself to the mountains in spring.

There are diverse sorts of Lapps, in

this our day—not only Norwegian Lapps, Swedish Lapps, Finnish, and Russian, but Tourist Lapps, Lapps, and aristocratic Lapps. Tourist Lapps like tourists and live on them; Lapps *purs et simples* tolerate tourists, but neither like them nor approve of them; while aristocratic Lapps loathe tourists and regard them as the veriest anathema. Were the earth to open and swallow up the whole tourist tribe, they would straightway render solemn thanks to Heaven, and shake the very firmament with their hymns of praise.

The first aristocratic Lapp I ever saw was a personage of great importance, judging by his lofty demeanor: had he been King, Kaiser, and Tsar combined, indeed, he could hardly have borne himself with more dignity. He was standing on the platform of a little railway-station between Gellivare and Kiruna, well within the Polar Circle—there is a railway now even there. And a striking figure he was, in spite of his being some inches under five feet in height. He was arrayed in quite gorgeous apparel, all aglow with bright colors. His tunic, which stood out from his hips like a very full little petticoat, was of royal blue cloth, elaborately embroidered in front, and with bands around it of yellow leather and red cloth. His hat was of blue with yellow bands; and it had, standing straight up at the back, a huge red feather held in place by a jewelled clasp. His stockings had bands of yellow around them and red tassels at the sides; and his reindeer shoes had pointed toes, while the gauntlets of his gloves were covered with gold and silver thread-work. Hanging from his belt was a little leather bag, one mass of beautiful embroidery, and a knife with an exquisitely carved handle. There was something quite startlingly incongruous between this little Lap-

lander and the great snow-covered mountains all around him. As he stood there with his flaming colors, he might have been some tropical bird that had wandered by mischance into arctic regions.

By his side was a little boy, a miniature edition of himself in clothes and everything; and two steps behind him was a woman—his wife I discovered later. She, too, was dressed much as he was, excepting that she wore a skirt instead of a tunic. She, however, had neither embroidery, nor tassel, nor feather; and her clothes had a faded, well-worn look, whereas his and the child's were spick and span and seemed quite new. Man, woman, and child had precisely the same sort of face; and a curious little face it was, with high cheek-bones, deep-set eyes, thick nose, and large mouth. Even the child's skin looked more like parchment than anything human; while as for his hair, had it been seaweed it could not have been "danker."

Although there was nothing that even smacked of beauty about these Lapps, they were none the less oddly attractive. The man's eyes were bright and intelligent, and there was energy as well as dignity in the way he stood, with his head thrown back, noting critically all that passed. There was something very human, too, in the woman's expression; it was so humble, nay deprecativ. Evidently, while delightfully proud of her husband and son, she was painfully alive to her own inferiority. When they took their places in the train, she followed them; but she did not venture to sit down until her husband made a sign to her; and she never spoke a word, never had a word addressed to her. In one of the stations we passed through, there were several Lapps waiting to greet her husband, but none of them had a greeting for her, or even a glance.

Some of the Swedish passengers spoke to the Laplander from time to time, but beyond a curt, haughty "Jo" or "Ney," he would not say a word. From his manner it was easy to see that, although he chose for some reason or other to travel by train, he bitterly resented the fact of there being a train to travel by; resented, too, and more bitterly still, its bringing with it into his Lapland foreign tourists, as well as dust and dirt.

Some friends of mine, who were anxious to see how the aristocratic Lapps live, and what sort of folk they are, sent a Lappish guide to one of their mountain *läger*—i.e. encampments—to inquire if they might have a *kåta* to sleep in while on an expedition in the district, and also a boat with men to take them across certain rapids there are on the way by which they wished to return. The tribe was willing both to lend them a *kåta* and to take them across the rapids, the guide brought back word. They therefore started off, and, after a two days' hard tramp, arrived at the *läger*, or rather at the *kåta* in which, as the guide told them, they were to sleep.

The *kåta* was of the usual kind, a little round hut made of wooden stakes with closely interwoven branches of birch between them, and with a curtain of deerskin instead of a door. The only furniture was a table and a sort of high pillow of heaped-up birch-tree leaves right round the hut. The whole floor was covered indeed with birch-leaves, excepting just in the middle where there was a fire. The Lapps sleep on the floor with their heads on the birch-pillow and their feet toward the fire.

The *kåta* was quite new: it had evidently been made for the visitors, but they who had made it had vanished; not a sign of them was to be seen, not a sign of the *läger* where they lived. And when my friends wished

to go off in search of them, the guide shook his head sorrowfully, but very decidedly. He began by declaring that the *läger* was too far off; and ended by admitting that, before he could obtain the loan of the *kåta*, he had had to promise that no tourist should go to the *läger*, as they who lived there did not choose to hold intercourse with strangers. Although these strangers had recourse to many stratagems and offered bribes freely all round, they had never even a glimpse of those whose ways they had come to study, excepting of the men who took them across the rapids. And these would not speak to them; they would hardly deign, indeed, to look at them. When a larger sum of money than the guide had promised was given to them, they accepted it, but they rendered no thanks in return. They would have gone on their way, indeed, without saying a single word, had not their visitors called out to them "Hivas, Hivas"; and to this they replied only by a surly "Adieu," evidently none too well pleased at the use by mere tourists of "Hivas," their Lappish good-bye.

The guide, a tourist Lapp, professed to be indignant; the two bearers, however, looked pleased. A curious change had come over these men while on the mountain; from being quite friendly and talkative, they had become suddenly morose, taciturn, and almost rude. They had been admitted, it seems, to the aristocrats' *läger* from which their employers had been kept away; and while there they had been taught that to serve tourists is something to be ashamed of, something unworthy of Lapps.

Oddly enough, while almost all Lappish men, excepting the guides and the poverty-stricken, are anti-tourist at heart, all the Lappish women are pro-tourist. The entertaining of strangers is for them a real delight.

It is their one chance of playing a rôle in the world; their one pleasure, therefore; and keenly do they enjoy it, especially if none of their menfolk be about. When they see travellers approaching, they at once, as if by instinct, gather their children around them, form themselves into groups, and fall into picturesque attitudes. They have a perfect genius for posing: the quaintest, prettiest tableau vivant I ever saw, indeed, the most artistic too, was before a *läger* on the shores of a Lappish lake. Every woman had turned out, no matter how old or how young, and had brought with her every child she had; and there they stood in their bright blue gowns, their red and yellow trimmings, with the white mountains behind them, the dark water at their feet. When the strangers are quite near, each woman stations herself before her own *kåta*, that she may invite them to come in and drink coffee with her. This she will do, let her husband say what he will. In all matters she is quite servile in her blind obedience to his wishes, but in this matter of entertaining strangers.

I once saw a Lappish woman set her husband openly at naught, and I could hardly believe my own eyes. A Swedish friend and myself were passing her *kåta* and she invited us pressing to enter. This although, before ever she spoke, there came from behind the deerskin door an angry growl that sounded very much like a threat as to what would befall her, if she did invite us. Had it not been for the entreaty in her eyes, we should have gone straight on our way; as it was we went into the *kåta*, unwelcome visitors though we knew ourselves to be, so far as its master was concerned. He was lying on the floor, and he neither rose nor gave us any greeting in reply to our "*Bouris, Bouris*"; he just glared at us, indeed, and in an

eminently unpleasant fashion. His wife, however, as if to atone for his churlishness, was most lavish with her kindly attentions. She made us sit down on the birch-covered floor and served us with coffee, striving hard the while to entertain us. She had picked up a little Swedish from the traders. She showed us all sorts of curios, bits of embroidery, bits of carving, knives and skins; and notwithstanding the dangerous light in her husband's eyes, she gave us some of them, in exchange of course for coins. Then she brought out quite tenderly, as things infinitely precious, three little paper books, and handed them to us as who would say: "Such a proof of civilization as this you did not expect to find here." They were post-office banking-books, the property of her three little sons, each one of whom was a depositor! And this was at *Falnoviken*, a *läger* between the Polar Circle and the North Pole, miles and miles away from everywhere.

Meanwhile the man lay there quietly sulking. He must have been listening to what was said, however, for he gave a little start when my Swedish friend alluded to my being English, and he scanned me over with eager curiosity. Evidently for some reason or other he was interested in the English. Still he would have let us go without speaking, I am inclined to think, were it not that I walked up to him and held out my hand; for I did not like the idea of leaving even an unwilling host without saying "*Hilvas*." Besides I had my fears as to what might happen to the woman. He at once sprang to his feet, and launched forth into a long speech of which, however, I did not understand a word, although from the woman's triumphant smile, I was sure he was saying what was pleasant. Later I learnt that he had declared he was very glad to see me, because I was

English; that he held it as an honor that an Englishwoman should drink coffee in his *kåta*.

Although the Laplanders were nominally converted to Christianity some 200 years ago, a fair section of them have still a lingering affection for their old beliefs and heathenish practices; while not a few pin great faith to witchcraft. This, however, does not prevent their holding staunchly the ultra-Evangelical views which Lars Læstadius taught them. Everything that smacks of pleasure, especially dancing, is among them taboo. Never shall I forget the glance of righteous indignation mingled with fierce resentment, which an old Laplander once cast at me. "She told me to come," he cried, when some one inquired what he was doing in a room where dancing was going on. He pointed at me threateningly as he spoke, and his voice trembled with wrath. Had he been Bunyan's Christian and I some evil spirit sent to lead him astray, he could not have looked at me with more bitter reproach, more withering scorn. Yet all that I had done was to ask him to come in, when I found him before the Station door, on Midsummer night.

Not only is dancing regarded by the Lapps as sinful, but even singing, unless it be the singing of hymns. The country is rich in folk lore, and has many weird old national songs; but nothing will induce a Lapp to sing them; for, were he to sing even the shortest, he would look on himself as one of the Lost. I once heard a party of tourists trying to persuade an old Lappish woman to sing a *Volsktied*. She professed to be very poor, and she was known to be very grasping. The mere sight of a little five krone gold piece would at any time make her fingers twitch and her eyes gleam. None the less the offer of a large gold piece, accompanied though it was by

much cajolery and flattery, failed to induce her to sing even one verse. The temptation was evidently great, and once I thought she had yielded; for she struck a high shrill note which sounded like a battle-cry. But no; she turned it into a lamentation psalm tune, and went away, leaving the large gold piece behind her. Yet she was a real Tourist Lapp, one who would without scruple palm off as Lappish handiwork machine-made goods imported from Gothenburg.

A pious Lapp regards it as a duty to go to church four times a year—at Advent, Christmas, Easter, and some feast in July or August; but as churches are few and far between in Lapland, and roads there are practically none, most Lapps content themselves with going once. Then all the religious rules and ceremonies of the whole year are compressed into one day—the funerals, christenings, marriages, communions, and special thanksgivings. On this day, quite early in the morning, all the Lapps in the district who have the strength to walk, or who have anyone able and willing to carry them, come streaming down the mountains, up the valleys, across the rivers, bringing with them the dead bodies of such of their kinsfolk who have died during the previous year. They make their way in an oddly straggling procession to some Lappish church—there is one at Gellivare, another at Jukkasjärvi—or to some church the pastor of which speaks Lappish; and once there the ceremonies begin. First the funeral service is read; and the dead, who have been lying frozen for months perhaps in the mountains, are solemnly put to rest in the churchyard. The interment is conducted most decorously, but in the simplest fashion, and without any signs of mourning—no Laplander ever wears black. When it is ended, the christenings begin: the

whole company betake themselves into the church, where the babies born during the previous year are baptized. Then comes the young couples' turn. In the presence of the whole community, the marriage service is gone through, for the benefit of those who wish to wed and have some one at hand willing to wed them. A little later the ordinary Sunday church service is held, a sermon is preached, and those who have received special blessings render special thanks. Last of all the Sacrament is administered and a solemn benediction is pronounced. Then the Lapps can wend their way homeward with minds at rest and consciences clear: their church-going is done for twelve whole months.

At a l ager near Kiruna I came across a Lappish woman, one day, who had a pitiable tale to tell of all she had to suffer at the hands of her own people. Every k ta in the l ager excepting hers was uninhabited, I noticed. They to whom they belonged were all off in the mountains, she said; but she did not miss them at all, for when they were at home they would not speak to her, or have anything to do with her. For her husband and son were under a ban, and the ban was extended to her. They were as pariahs in the land, outcasts from their own community, their neighbors holding that they had sold themselves for gold; and, what was worse, were selling Lapland.

They had only one hundred reindeer, it seems, whereas three hundred at least were needed if enough to eat were to be had; and, not being of the sort to starve willingly, or even to live on half rations, they had gone to work in the mines, where they were earning high wages. And work in the mines is, in the eyes of true Lapps, devil's work, work that is demoralizing, degrading, and most unpatriotic. To

take iron from Lapland's mountains to give to foreigners is to rob Lapland, they argue, and that is rank treason, nay, sacrilege.

Apart from all superstitions, however, patriotic Laplanders have good reasons for regarding with horror everything connected with mines; just as they have good reasons for mistrusting and disliking tourists. The opening of the mines has brought into their country, it must be remembered, a motley cosmopolitan crew, who have wrought much evil by showing how evil is wrought; while even the advent of tourists has not made for edification. Before there was a foreign miner or a foreign tourist in the land, hardly a Lapp knew the taste of spirit; now the mining Lapps and the tourist Lapps will many of them sell their very souls for whisky. And when they have it, it drives them mad for the time being.

I once came across a drunken Lapp, and a curious sight he was: he looked for all the world like an old hen with much bedraggled feathers, as he hopped about, first on one leg, then on the other. A few hours before he had been quite wild, I was told; eager for a fight no matter with whom. He was, however, when I arrived on the scene, already in the semi-penitent stage; and a very trying stage he was evidently finding it. Tears were streaming from his eyes; he raised his voice in piteous wails; and clasped his head from time to time, as if he had more to bear than he could bear, and saw nothing about him but woe, desolation, and misery.

How this Lapp came to be drunk no one seemed to know, and everyone agreed that it was quite disgraceful that he should be drunk, after all the trouble that had been taken to keep him sober, all the laws that had been passed, all the decrees that had been issued. The four governments responsible for the Laplanders are

keenly alive to the fact that their protégés must not be allowed to drink; and everything that can be done they do, to guard against the temptation to drink being brought in their way. Throughout Lapland it is forbidden by law to sell, or even to give, to a Lapp alcohol in any shape or form; and it would be practically impossible for a Lapp to obtain alcohol, were it not for the heedlessness or perversity of foreigners.

Everywhere the Lapps are under the special protection of their respective governments; and as some little recompense, perhaps, for the land of which they have been deprived, they enjoy many privileges that are denied to other folk. For instance, no matter how wealthy they may be—and there are Laplanders who own thousands of reindeer—they pay no taxes, and as a rule no rates, even in communes where they spend the winter. They are never called upon to render military service or any other service to the State; yet, if misfortune befalls them, the State comes at once to their aid. In former days the Scandinavian kings sometimes forced their subjects to give a helping hand to their Lappish subjects. In 1747 a royal decree was issued ordering all the men and women in the Gellivare district each to give a krone towards defraying the cost of materials for building a church for the Lapps. And they actually did what they were ordered to do, although they had a good excuse for leaving it undone, as not very long before the Lapps had deliberately burnt down a church which Lulå had built for them. One section of the Gellivare people, the Raneå farmers, did even more than they were told to do; for, when they found that the Lapps could not build the church, although the materials were provided, they set to work and built it for them.

By no means all the Laplanders are

now nomad. Many of them, especially those living in Finnish Lapland, have two fixed residences, one in the lowlands, the other in the highlands, and they go direct from the one to the other. Wherever this is the case, there is something in the way of local self-government. Throughout Finnish Lapland, indeed, a regularly organized system of local self-government is in force. Every year the Lapps elect a Communal Council to manage their affairs for them, and also a Communal Director, to act as the Council's executive. The Director is a sort of general manager, and he does his work in a patriarchal fashion, paying no heed to cavillers. If members of the community become, through the loss of their reindeer, so poor that they cannot support themselves, he takes charge of them, and either sends them to live with richer members, or boards them out. In Swedish Lapland, too, the natives have a Communal Director for each district; and he, although a Lapp, represents there the Swedish Government. It is his business to keep the authorities informed as to how things are going in his district; and it is through him that help is sent, if things are going badly.

Three out of the four governments which have Lappish subjects are now hard at work trying to educate the children of these subjects, in the hope of rendering them capable of taking their place side by side with their fellows, as faithful serviceable citizens. Not only do they provide stationary schools for them in the lowlands, where they spend the winter, but they fit out for them ambulant schools, which follow them about from station to station when up in the mountains in summer. In Gellivare there is a State boarding-school for little Lapps; and a very well-organized, well-managed school it is. There was only one

little girl there when I paid the place a visit, the rest of the children having gone with their kinsfolk up the mountains for a holiday. She, poor little thing, had been left behind sorely against her will, not because she had no kinsfolk, but because her kinsfolk

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could not forgive her for having had a Swedish father while her mother was a Lapp. For a Lapp to marry a non-Lapp is held to be a sin for which punishment must be meted out not only to the sinner, but to her children and children's children.

Edith Sellers.

THE WORLD'S TEMPLE OF PEACE.

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

An event not only of high European importance but of vast interest to all civilized nations is the opening of the Palace of Peace at The Hague, which has become famous as one of the meeting-places of the world's greatest and noblest idealists. It is in the Dutch capital where those great Peace Conferences of recent years have been held and where many treaties and conventions have been signed, and it is of historical significance that the opening of the Palace of International Justice synchronizes with the celebration by the people of Holland of the centenary of their independence and the establishment of a monarchy which followed the collapse of the Napoleonic régime.

In the hundred years that have elapsed since 1813, when the House of Orange was restored to preside over a people whose trade had been ruined, whose commercial integrity had been destroyed, and whose resources had been squandered, Holland has regained her place among the nations, she has recovered her solidity, prosperity and efficiency, and in science, in international law—of which the Dutch are the real founders—in art, in horticulture, and in the new agriculture, she has achieved what any

more highly-favored nation might be proud of.

The importance of The Hague in the European system is merely an historical truth; but the inauguration of the Palace of Peace may be held by future generations to have been of happier augury than the beginning of a new epoch in the life of a nation. It has been founded through the need of every civilized community to substitute the rule of right for the rule of force. In that Palace no other blade will be placed in the balance than the sword of justice! It was Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Scots-American steel-king and millionaire, who, inspired by a great humanitarian idea, conceived the project of setting up a shrine for Peace, of which the palace at The Hague is now the symbol of embodiment. Its monumental tower like a beacon light points to the nations the road of right and justice and truth. It was in October, 1903, that Mr. Carnegie handed over to the Netherlands Government the sum of £300,000 to create a "stichting" (foundation in the Netherlands law) for the purpose of erecting and maintaining at The Hague in perpetuity a Court House and library (Temple of Peace) for the Permanent Court of Arbitration established by treaty of July 20, 1899, "believing that the establishment of such a tribunal is the most important step forward of a world-wide humani-

tarian character which has ever been taken by the joint Powers, as it must ultimately banish war." The Netherlands Government then undertook the management of the foundation and appointed a Board of Directors, four members being nominated by the Queen of Holland and a fifth by the Administrative Council of the Permanent Court of Arbitration. Moreover, the Dutch Government placed at the disposal of the Foundation the sum of £60,000 to purchase a site for the Palace of Peace which now stands between the two small Houses of Parliament as a gentle reminder of the Brotherhood of Man, while the prison of Gevangenpoort across the way, with its torture chambers and reminiscences of the martyrdom of the brothers De Witt and other political prisoners, shudderingly recalls the horrors of men's past ignorance, when they believed in exactly the opposite of what is represented by the Temple of Peace.

The inscription on the foundation stone of the palace is a lasting and permanent testimony to the fact that it was dedicated through the munificence of Andrew Carnegie "to the securing of a just peace." (*"Paci Justitiae Firmandae Hanc Aedem Andree Carnegiei Munificentia Dedicavit."*) Constructed on a design by the French architect, M. L. M. Cordonnier, partly Dutch and partly Flemish in character, the building has the noble proportions of some of the old town halls of Belgium. M. Cordonnier's plan was selected out of 216 designs from all countries by a jury composed of six leading architects of Great Britain, Holland, France, Germany and the United States, and it is generally admitted that the best choice was made. In the Palace there are two Justice Halls—the Grand Hall of Justice and a smaller one—while two suites of rooms for the service of the

Court connected with each of the Halls are disposed on either side. The Great Court, which is, of course, the inner shrine of the Temple of Peace, is a hall about 70 feet long, 40 feet wide and 33 feet high. On one side are three large windows, on the other three galleries. At one end there is a fourth large window; at the other is the dais for the Tribunal. At the end of a corridor lined with beautiful Greek and Italian marble, and behind the base of the tower above-mentioned, is the Small Court, almost exactly half the size of the Great, and having also three galleries. The ceiling of the Great Court has a barrel-vaulting; that of the Small is flat and heavily moulded. The remainder of this floor is occupied by reading rooms, a map room, consultation rooms, and other appropriate accommodation for the parties to a case. On the upper floor, approached by a magnificent staircase projecting into the central courtyard, are the rooms of the Administrative Council and other officials of the Permanent Court of Arbitration, and a library capable of containing 200,000 volumes, with a book-lift to the reading rooms below. The centre of the building is occupied by a courtyard 144 feet long and 111 feet wide, with a fountain in the centre where the air to be breathed in the building will be washed before being filtered and otherwise dealt with by the ventilating apparatus. Provision has also been made for Press rooms, telegraph and other offices, and a spacious restaurant. The importance of having ample restaurant accommodation for those who will take part in the deliberations within the Palace is significant, for it has been credibly asserted that "the more tangible success of the first Peace Conference as compared with that of the second was largely due to the facilities afforded the plenipotentiaries of getting to

know one another over their lunch."

A sentimental but suggestive feature of the Palace is its cosmopolitan nature. As the result of a happy inspiration on the part of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the French plenipotentiary at the second Peace Conference, all countries have contributed after their kind to the adornment of the Palace. Great Britain has given the four stained-glass windows of the Great Court; the British Peace Society a bust of King Edward to mark his Majesty's work for the peace of the world; France a picture by Besnard for the Great Court, and Gobelins tapestries, designed by Luc O. Merçon, for the Small Court; the Dutch Government a collection of paintings by Ferdinand Bol for a room over the Small Court and seven stained-glass windows for the staircase; Germany the monumental entrance gates to the grounds; Italy part of the marble for the corridor; Austria the bronze and crystal candelabra; Norway the granite for the entrance slopes; Sweden granite for the basement and certain columns; Denmark the porcelain for the fountain in the courtyard; Switzerland the works for the clocks; Russia a jasper vase over 11 feet high for the central hall; the United States a large marble group representing the purpose of the building "Peace through Justice," for the first landing of the staircase; Mexico onyx for the staircase; Belgium the bronze doors of the building; and Japan some gold-embroidered tapestries for the room of the Administrative Council, which is panelled in wood from Brazil. The Metropolis itself has contributed its share in the work, for the task of laying out the grounds was entrusted to Mr. Thomas H. Mawson, of London. To its other sources of pride Holland has thus added the first real Temple of Peace in modern times—a palace in which,

it has been said, "more lives will be saved than at any hospital in the world."

In the work of international statecraft the name of The Hague occupies an important place in the history of diplomacy. For here many treaties and conventions have been signed. Among these may be mentioned the treaty of the Triple Alliance (January 23, 1688) between England, Sweden, and the Netherlands; the concert of The Hague (March 31, 1710) between the Emperor, England and Holland for the maintenance of the neutrality of the Swedish provinces in Germany during the war of the Northern Powers against Sweden; a triple alliance (January 4, 1717) between France, England and Holland for the guarantee of the treaty of Utrecht; the treaty of peace (February 17, 1717) between Spain, Savoy and Austria by which the first named acceded to the principles of the Triple Alliance; and the treaty of peace between Holland and France (March 16, 1795). The Hague has also been the scene of many famous Conferences, from the day in 1580 when the States-General abjured the authority of Philip of Spain. A conference upon the Five Articles of the remonstrants, which occasioned the Synod of Dort, sat there in 1610; while England, France and Holland, on May 21, 1659, signed the Treaty of The Hague to preserve the equilibrium of the north.

But it is its connection with the great modern Peace Conferences that has given The Hague its right to rank as the international capital par excellence. Around the 1899 conference there hangs a halo of romance. It was summoned at the instigation of the Czar of Russia, but the Emperor really derived his happy inspiration through reading the story "Lay Down Your Arms," written by Baroness von Suttner, whose seventieth birthday

was just recently celebrated. The Baroness is the only woman who has had the distinction of receiving the Nobel prize for work in connection with International Peace, and it is an interesting circumstance that she herself was largely inspired to write her book on behalf of peace by the accounts of the Crimean War given her by Florence Nightingale.

It was on August 24, 1898, that Count Muravieff, Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, by order of the Czar, made a communication to all the foreign representatives accredited to the Court of St. Petersburg pointing out that "the maintenance of General Peace and a possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations, present themselves in the existing condition of the whole world as the ideal towards which the endeavors of all governments should be directed," and suggesting the conference which "would collect into one powerful focus the efforts of all the States which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of disturbance and discord." Twenty-six States responded to the Emperor's invitation, and the conference sat from May till the end of July discussing disarmament, the laws of war and arbitration. An arbitration scheme of sixty articles providing for the institution of a Permanent Arbitration Court was passed, and a codification of the rules of war and an extension of the Geneva convention to naval warfare was signed by fifteen Powers. But the disarmament proposal put forward by Russia was outvoted and finally left unsettled.

The initiative for the second conference in 1907 was taken by President Roosevelt, but at the Czar's re-

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quest he courteously accorded to the Emperor the privilege of calling it together, just as he had summoned the first conference. The congress met at The Hague on June 15, and continued sitting until October 18. It passed thirteen conventions and one declaration. The delegates were unanimous in affirming certain principles, including that of compulsory arbitration, particularly in the interpretation of treaties. They also expressed the view that the collected Powers, in working together at The Hague for four months, had not only learned to understand one another better, and to draw closer together, but had succeeded in the course of their long collaboration in evolving a very lofty conception of the common welfare of humanity. The delegates recommended that a third Peace Conference should be summoned after the lapse of the same time as had intervened between the first and second, that was to say, in the year 1915; and, further, that two years prior to its meeting a preparatory Committee should be appointed by the Powers to draw up a plan of discussion and settle the procedure to be followed. That conference, when it meets two years hence, as it probably will do, will be a very important event in the history of the nations, for it is not improbable that even more substantial and more lasting benefits will be produced than the previous conferences were able to achieve.

Meanwhile every lover of peace—but not "at any price"—will worship (metaphorically) at the shrine of the Temple of Peace which was opened recently with every circumstance of regal and international solemnity.

William Caird.

MIRAGE.

The evening sun fell slantingly over the plain, but there was no shade or coolness. The earth looked like some *débris* from a kiln with the dull heat still in it.

A clear desert with some breadth of view, or with some romance or challenge in it, would have been more tolerable, but this was a kind of interminable neglected back-yard, dug up everywhere with holes like borrow-pits, hard and gritty, with barely a tree. The burnt stones and crumbling clods of earth emitted rays, and the heat-haze hung over it like a malignant exhalation. A few stunted kikar-trees were the only growth, all thorn with their lower branches nibbled at by straining camels, or stripped and torn and wounded for goats' provender or mean wood-fires. Even the vulture huddled in the thin branches was distressed by the heat, and sat brooding as if he were going to tumble forward from his perch, eyes blinking, beak gaping, and his ugly puffed fleshy neck straining for ease.

Selim slithered along over the broken ground with a tired shuffling amble till Hallowes felt as if he were sitting over the screw of a tramp steamer in the Red Sea. The heat and hardness of the earth seemed to run up his pony's legs and jar him from the knee to the spine. Hallowes was so angry he almost forgot his love for the beast, and spoke to him aloud as men do who live alone.

"Selim, Selim, you brute, can't you put one foot after another? Don't slither. Hold up. There you were nearly down. Do you want to break your master's neck like that underbred goose-rumped brute that killed Gale?"

He touched him with the spur, and Selim broke into a reluctant trot, and then a false canter, bringing his near

foot down with a jar that brought the sweat to Hallowes' brow. He saw a sad reproachful eye looking round at him from under a drooping head and ears unwontedly turned back. A twinge of remorse through his fingers brought the pony to a standstill and he swung half round.

"No, no, not yet. We must go on. As far as the sandhill,"

Selim shuffled on, and the old greyhound Vim who had belonged to Gale loped along behind.

Hallowes thought of the hills where three weeks before Selim had danced till he gave him rein, and then progressed with smooth easy bounds. He remembered that near foot in the air right under the shoulders, and the cocked ears and sideways-looking eye staring at other live things as if they were uncouth, and shying for very vanity with assumed disgust as a generous high-bred Arab should, Hallowes had gone through much the same transformation himself.

"Never mind, old man, I expect I slouch too," he said, and patted Selim on the neck. Thus encouraged, the pony converted his amble into a walk, and Hallowes fell to thinking of Gale, whose place he had been called down from the hills to fill at three days' notice. Gale had booked his passage and was to have sailed in a week, but he had broken his neck. Hallowes wondered what the side-saddle was doing at his auction. Then he looked round through the haze, and began to wonder what odd scene-shifting instinct of Providence had brought Gale or himself to Raunga. He thought of the few petty cases which had come up to him and the tangle of lies in which the issue was wrapped and his own fumbling judgments. All reason for existence in Raunga seemed to

be slipping away. Effort in such a place was in dismal disproportion to result, and even if right and wrong could be sifted at 118° in the shade it was hard to think of oneself and one's work as real. The indigenes yielded patiently to circumstances, but the alien must be always striking at invulnerable nothings.

Presently he came through the swimming haze to a clump of trees by a well and a parched, blistered village. A pair of gentle-eyed yoked bullocks revolved solemnly as they trod a heap of corn, and a group of villagers sat by watching. Hallowes stopped and asked them the name of the village. The slow, resigned melancholy of their voices heightened his feeling of the unreality of things. They were far away, partitioned off from life, answering him from the other side of an invisible grating, beyond which no human emotion had entered. Distress was as foreign to them as hope. You might believe they buried and gave birth indifferently.

"Whose is this well?"

"What?"

"What is this?"

"A well."

"To whom is it?"

"To the Sirdar-jl." And a lean, vacuous-intense man pointed with an apostolic finger to the largest house.

Hallowes persuaded Sellim to proceed, and the dirge of a Persian wheel pursued him along the dusty cart-rut, moaning in dissonant rhythm, hymning the spirit of the place.

In the open sand beyond the village Sellim stood still, his pricked ears pointed at a distant herd of ravine deer. He had seen them before Vim. Habit was strong in him, and he cantered off lazily towards them. Old Vim bore ahead. Hallowes was glad of the stimulus he could not give. The slack herd rose and stared at the dust they raised; they stood waiting

incredulously a moment and then broke off, but without conviction. They knew it was not serious. Vim soon yielded to the heat, and it became an uneasy stalk rather than a chase. The chinkara kept up a running reconnaissance in front, veering and turning and standing about, looking back at them more curious than frightened.

So they circled round, lost to all direction, until Hallowes saw a low sandhill, mountainous in that vast desolation, and walked Sellim towards it. He dismounted, rubbed the lather off the beast with a handful of dead *ak* leaves, tied the reins in a knot and threw them over his neck and let him loose. Then he lay down flat in the sand and surveyed the country. Vim disposed himself painfully on the ground and would not come near. The herd was still moving, indistinguishable almost in the light sandy soil but for the dust they raised, except now and then when they crossed the brown stubble that had been a crop, and their white bellies showed up against it. Nothing else moved in that wide horizon save a dust-blur on the right which resolved itself as it came nearer into a figure on horseback, some old Sirdar on an ambling tat, followed by a servant who strode behind carrying a staff, and far in his wake a bundle of an old woman sitting sideways on the tail of an ass. It was like a scrap out of some old Eastern allegory of the nothingness of life, and the whence and the whither.

The sun had become part of a burning cloud on the western horizon, and out of it intermittent blasts of hot air swept over the sandhill like a current from a furnace carrying stinging particles of sand and grit. Hallowes turned his face from it, and shut his eyes. If the dust-storm that was gathering came, the lee of the mound would be the best place for him. He stiffened himself for resistance, and lay still

listening to the distant rumble of thunder, but when he opened his eyes it was on a scene of unbelievable peace. He saw a river beneath him, and a girl in a boat moored to the bank. It was a sweet face, the smile rather sad, grey eyes and harvest hair, and she wore a grey dress and a straw hat with red poppies in it. Hallowes knew somehow that she had come down a path through the yellow corn, past a little old church with a round flint tower which one could just see over the alders across the river. How dark the alder-twigs were and how black the water under the shadow! The whirligig insects skimmed just on the edge of the shade in the sun. In the middle of the stream the submerged water-lily leaves swayed slowly up and down with the current, curled and wrinkled and covered with green slime, and small fish swam in between and darted back again at the shadow of her hat in the boat. She leant over the stern and watched them in the clear water, and a spray of forget-me-not which she had been painting lay on the thwart. The far bank was fringed with them to the water's edge where they peeped under the burnished leaves and dusty seed spikes of a great dock. Hallowes felt a breath of cool air; he heard the ripple lap against the boat; he saw the reflection of a soft blue English sky, streaked with hering-bone clouds.

Then Selim nosed him, and he waked to the leaden reality. He saw the old Sikh again on his ambling tat, the servant strode behind; the old bundle followed in the wake on the tail of the ass. It was the strangest thing in the world; he could not have been asleep. The group had hardly moved beyond the kikar clump. He had been awake all the time, only a little drowsy and tired. What, then, was this floating picture that had crossed his vision?

The deadly horizon of sand and starved kikar-trees may have rimmed it; he did not know. He had seen nothing but the girl in the boat, and the water and the trees and the flowers on the bank, and the cornfield and the church behind with its round flint tower, yet he had been conscious of a great deal more. It was all clearer than a dream, yet unlike anything he had ever dreamt; for he knew all the while that he was lying on the hot sand, and that Selim was nosing about behind. His eyes had been wide open. If he had shut them he would have lost the picture. And he had been filled with wonder; it could not have been a dream. Dreams are a matter of course while they last. The brain receives new images and asks no questions. But he had been filled with wonder. Besides, he felt that he had been aware of things he had not really seen, and could not have seen: the porch of the church on the hill, the path she had followed through the corn. And how could he have seen the girl in the boat and the fish in the stream at the same time? Was this part of the bizarre perspective of dreams? He had watched a shoal of roach nosing slowly up-stream under the floating arrowhead. There was one old veteran with a scarred tail and fin. He knew the way they circled round and swam, darting back every now and then, to come up again with the same slow, easy, leisurely pomp. And he knew the kind of country. He was born in it. He remembered the strong reek of fleabane and water-mint in the dykes, the pollard-willows, with the bird-sown gooseberry-bushes and woody-nightshade in the boles, and the clipped tufted elms in the hedgerows over the valley.

He climbed onto Selim, and gave him his head to find his way home. Old Vim stood apart whining, and refused to come near. It was almost dark.

All the sand of the desert seemed to be gathered into the air. There was no afterglow to guide him, but every now and then flashes of lightning illumined the gritty waste and revealed every pin-point of the thin etched foliage of the kikar-trees. The heat became more intense. Hallows was scarcely conscious of it. He was thinking of the river scene and the girl's face, so fresh and cool and calm, and the sweet sadness of her eyes and the richness of her hair. It must have been some brain-mirage, born of the heat. He could not forget the face—he felt that he had seen it or thought of it before; it haunted him as he clung to the saddle, his eyes shut and his head bent low against the face of the blast that almost blew him out of his seat. A few heavy drops of rain struck the ground and raised a tantalizing smell of wet earth. It was the fag-end of the dust-storm, which was half spent before it reached him. Presently he heard the sound of human voices. Selim had steered him to the village. He called out into the darkness—

"How far is it to Raunga?"

"It is near."

"Is it this way?"

"Ha-ji."

"Is it that way?"

"Ha-ji."

"Is it two kōs?"

"Ha-ji."

"Is it ten kōs?"

"Perhaps it is ten kōs."

"But you said it was two kōs."

"Ha-ji, having gone a little way you arrive."

II.

In the morning Hallows looked out on the brown waste that was called a garden. It had been a sleepless night. Already the first broad level bands of sunlight licked the earth with a thin sickly flame, like the tentacles of some fire-monster stretching out to

hold the bare caked mud and sand in a slow, inexorable grasp, leaving scars that burnt all night.

It was a blistering, feverish June. Even the brain-fever bird and copper-smith were quelled. Wood and metal were hot to the touch till morning. Day followed day with little change. Hallows used to get up at half-past five feeling as tired as at any time in the twenty-four hours. He had tea before six, then office till noon, after which breakfast and lunch in one meal. Then such sleep as he could capture,—it was generally heavier than at night. Tea at five, and afterwards a ride into the desolation. There were no other Englishmen in Raunga, but Hallows remembered that Cartwright, the camel registration officer, was passing through. He would ask him to dine, and they would ride together in the evening.

At half-past five Cartwright came, and the two started out in the fierce heat over the blistering sand. Hallows proposed that they should chase chinkara; it was the nearest thing to sport that Raunga offered, and he turned Selim towards the sandhill which was never out of his mind. Their ponies stumbled along over the gritty hummocky ground, past the vulture-laden kikar-trees, to the village where the same patient oxen were treading the corn and the same melancholy group sat watching them. In the open country beyond Hallows rode straight for the sandhill. Cartwright by his side pointed to it, saying—

"That is where Gale went out. He was chivying chinkara; his horse put his foot in a hole and came down with him. They found him at the bottom of the mound with his hat off, and it was a hundred and anything in the shade; this poor old hound must have seen it. Booked his passage and all, poor devil!"

"Was it concussion or sunstroke, or did he break his neck?"

But before Cartwright could answer his horse shied violently as the herd, awakened from sleep, broke out of the bushes by their side. Cartwright was off on their heels, but Hallowes held Selim in until he saw the herd divide. Then he rode after the other half at right angles, purposely giving Cartwright the slip. He longed for the sandhill, and when the dust-blur in which his friend's horse was hidden had disappeared beyond the ak scrub he turned back to it.

Old Vim stood irresolute, looking now at the herd and now at his master. Then he disposed himself stiffly on the ground, laying his dejected nozzle between his paws. Every now and then he lifted his head and whined.

Hallowes stretched himself out flat in the sand again, and strained his eyes over the waste, expecting the haze to disperse and resolve itself into the mirage. There was no living thing in sight, save a distant camel straining at a kikar-tree and the shimmering white bellies of the scattered herd springing over the burnt stubble. He shut his eyes and tried to concentrate his mind on the vision he had seen, hoping vainly to recapture it, until he fancied he felt the cool breeze in his face and heard the water lapping against the boat and saw the girl looking down into the stream with sad patient eyes. But he could not see her clearly—the whole picture was blurred; it was but a shadow, a reflection in his mind of the first image. It was fading when he heard Selim, who had come up behind, rolling in the sand. He spoke a reproachful word to the beast, who rose and shook himself. Then he looked to the girths, mounted and turned his head home, feeling that he would not see the river or the church or the girl's face again.

When Hallowes reached the bungalow Cartwright had returned, but he did not join him at once. Instead he took a lamp into the office and examined the warped insect-eaten photographs on the wall which had not been sent home with the rest of Gale's belongings. They were all of the marsh country. There were Hickling Staithe and Horsey Dyke, S. Benet's Abbey and the bridge over the Thurne at Potter Heigham, but he was looking for the little flint church on the hill above the narrow alder-fringed valley.

They dined outside in spite of the threatening dust-storm, in duck trousers and soft cotton shirts. The veriest fanatic of stiff linen yielded to the spirit of June in Raunga. Ice mitigated their sufferings, and a silent man stood behind each chair swinging a fan on a long stick. The cook gave them of his best—three dishes from the stringy goat of the dhak jungle, relieved by dainties out of tins. And they talked of many things—golf hotels, home cricket, oorial shooting in the Salt Range, the nature of the camel, transport in Somaliland where Cartwright had been in command of an M. I. corps; and all the while Hallowes was thinking of the sandhill and Gale. Cartwright had met him on his last tour, but all Hallowes could discover from him was that Gale was a "good sort," and he believed he was engaged to a girl at home.

"That would explain the side-saddle," Hallowes said. "Do you know who she was?"

"No, I believe she lived in Norfolk somewhere. He told me he was going there first."

Cartwright made an unsuccessful jab with his knife at his goat-steak and added, "He seemed glad to be going home."

Hallowes smiled. The inadequacy of it was dramatic.

"It was rough on the girl, too."

Hallowes agreed. Evidently Cartwright could not help him. He talked camel shop for an hour before they turned in.

Hallowes slept in the garden,—or rather, he did not sleep. Nor did he really lie awake. His mind muddled through the night incoherently while his body made automaton-like movements in search of ease, hitching a pyjama leg up to the knee; turning a pillow over and quickly back again, for the side exposed was always hotter. Sprinkling water on his bed and throwing open his thin cotton coat until the hot wind chilled him—impossible as it may seem,—or rather part of him, for he felt a core of fire in a shell of ice. Dragging his bed to the thin shade of a kikar-tree to be out of the moonlight for a moment; tying a sheet to the mosquito-pole to keep off its light, only to remove it again because it was too close and stuffy. Lying on the hard earth, hoping that the softness of a bed might woo him to sleep afterwards.

In the early hours of the morning, as the moon was setting, he left the garden for his bed on the roof. There he lay, trying to woo sleep by thinking of clouds chasing one another under a blue sky over a wide expanse of water, but the clouds contracted into a small arc that framed a grey flint tower, and the water shrank into the little stream with the dark shadows under the alder-bushes and the submerged water-lily leaves swaying with the current under the ripple. He thought of an infinity of sheep passing through a gap in a hedge, one after another, and he tried to individualize them: one was short-necked, another murky-faced, a third stood in the gap and looked round with a pathetic eye, and he wondered where the trouble lay, and his mind was slipping away, wandering to the sandhill, when he fastened it with an effort on the sheep

again. It was the only way. He saw an old ewe scrambling through the gap with a bramble in her fleece, a lamb following at her heels. But it was no good. They all came out into the pasture by the boat, among the burnished dock-leaves and the meadow-sweet and forget-me-not.

In the afternoon he had been only half conscious that what he had seen concerned Gale. As he lay awake he became sure of it. The first vision was objective, call it what you will, a projection, a modification of space. He had seen what another mind had seen, what perhaps it was now seeing—things in the air created by the awful yearning of a spirit torn from its strong frame.

The face haunted him,—he could not forget it. He knew he had never seen it, yet it was in some way a recollection and not of long ago. He thought it was in some picture he had seen, but where he could not remember. Suddenly a thought struck him. He lit a match and stumbled down the stairs from the roof, dropping sweat upon the hot stones of the floor. He entered the room where Gale had slept and where they had brought him in; he opened a drawer under the looking-glass on the dressing-table. There, among a collection of old stores' catalogues, almanacs, and telegraph forms and loose sheets of paper he found three unmounted photographs of a group standing under trees. She was in one of them, calm, sweet, and peaceful,—a face to dream of always. Amongst the relics a sheet of paper caught his eye with something written at the top in Gale's handwriting. It must have been something he had been writing when he was interrupted, and had put away in the drawer to finish afterwards. It had no beginning or end.

"In the one-mores now. The no-mores begin on Wednesday. On Wednesday

I leave for Karachi. I'll come by the 3.37, the tea-train, as old Betty used to say, and I'll go straight down to the river. Bring the boat to the Alder-Carr. Wear the brown hat with the popples. We'll make tea there and go up to the

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house afterwards. Darling, it will be——"

Hallowes folded it carefully and put it in an envelope with the photographs. Then he ascended the hot steps on to the roof.

Edmund Candler.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS: SOME NEW DEPARTURES.

Park Lane.

Dearest Daphne,—An outstanding feature of the season just ending has certainly been the evolution of the bazaar. A few weeks ago somebody had the bright idea of selling badges to protect people from being bothered by sellers, but already *that's vieux jeu*. At the *Who's Who Fair* (a prodigious success, my dear, which brought in an enormous sum for a most deserving charity—I forget what) we charged five shillings admission, and we sold little ducky silk flags, with "I don't want to buy anything" on them, at a guinea each. We didn't trouble to stock any of the stalls. Fact is, we've faced the truth that *ces autres* only come to bazaars to look at us. The sensational feature was that we stall-holders wore as head-dresses our own family crests. Wasn't that a lovely idea of your Blanche's! And the loveliest part of it was to see the crests of people who *haven't* any! My sweet thing, it was *absolutely*! The Bullyon-Boundermere woman had got the Heralds' College to find her some sort of an animal, and she had it on her head carried out in black velvet and gold. "Whatever is it meant for?" I asked Norty in confidence. "I should think it's a bounder rampant," he said.

The outlying tribes came pouring down from the heights of North and South London and simply swarmed into the Fair. They all bought the little "Don't-want-to-buy-anything"

flags, and then they moved upon the stall-holders *en masse*. For another guinea any stall-holder was ready to explain her crest and give a few particulars of herself. For two guineas a five-minutes' chat might be bought, in which we might please ourselves as to whether we answered questions truthfully or not; but for *five* guineas we pledged ourselves to stick to facts. It was gorgeous! I heard someone who'd duly planked down the guineas asking Mrs. Golding-Newman (the newest of the new people—she got there by the flukiest of flukes!) who she was and what her crest meant. "I'm Mrs. Golding-Newman," she replied with a good bit of pomp and circumstance; "and my head-dress is the Golding-Newman crest—three goldfishes, *tachant de nager*." Wasn't that dilly? Whatever the woman supposed she was saying, it was *utterly* descriptive of her efforts to be in the swim. Popsy, Lady Ramsgate, was in great form and very chirpy, till her head-dress, the Ramsgate crest, two arms counter-embowed, the dexter hand holding a knife and the sinister a fork (the founder of their family, you know, was Grand Carver to *Henry VIII.*), caught in the decorations and got pulled off; and, oh! my dearest and best, *more* than the head-dress came off—and Popsy is doing a rest cure! Before that catastrophe happened she'd been telling questioners, in return for their guineas, that she was thirty-five, that she'd married the late Lord R.

when she was thirteen, that she had an average of twenty offers a week, but didn't mean to marry again, that she loved dancing, and that her favorite dance just now was the Leap-frog Valse.

A *propos* of Mrs. Golding-Newman, the newest woman, there's been a hard-fought social race between her and Mrs. Bullyon-Boundermere in London this summer. If one forged ahead for a time, the other came again and stuck to her gamely. When the Golding-Newman woman had Trillini to sing at one of her parties, the B.-B. hit back by getting Twirlinski to do his *arçuy* dance, "The p.m. of a Satyr," at her next affair. It was a regular ding-dong race, and no one could spot the winner, till Mrs. B.-B. came a most tremendous cropper. *Il en était ainsi*. She gave a big party, old Lady Needmore, as usual, inviting the people and receiving them, with the B.-B. in the offing. The latter, not having much to do and being obsessed with the notion of uninvited guests (and really, my dear, they've put in some strong work this season!), kept a sharp lookout for these. At last she felt sure she'd spotted one. "I'm certain," she remarked to Mr. B.-B., "that common-looking man in ill-fitting evening clothes, leaning by the door of the music-room, is one of those uninvited creatures! I'll go and speak to him." "Right you are, M'ria!" said her better half. So she sallied up to the man: "I am the lady of the house; may I ask your name?" "My name's Snaggers," answered the man. "*Just what I should think it would be!*" said Mrs. B.-B., with cutting sarcasm. "No person of that name was invited, Mr. Snaggers, so perhaps you'll withdraw before I send for the police!" The man shrugged his shoulders, laughed and went away. At the end of the evening Mrs. B.-B. said reproachfully to Lady Needmore, "What a pity the

guest I most wanted to see didn't come! I mean the big-game hunting earl who's had such thrilling adventures. I saw his name in your list—Lord St. Aldegonde." "Oh, *Snaggers*," old Needmore corrected. "But, my dear woman, he *did* come! I *saw* him. He came rather late, after we'd left off receiving 'em, and went away quite soon, I believe. Here, somebody! Get some brandy or something! Mrs. Boundermere's fainting." It was a hard blow for her, as St. Aldegonde's been quite a celebrity since his return from his last big-game expedition, owing to having shot an enormous creature called a mommaroo, that everybody thought was extinct. But I believe what she felt most cruelly was that she didn't know St. Aldegonde is pronounced "*Snaggers*!"

I'm simply *furious, chérie*, with these Balkan people for going on fighting. At that little dinner I gave for the Delegates when they were over here, I'd such a lovely talk with them and was *sure* I'd made a great impression. "You simply *must* come to an agreement," I said to them. "Why *shouldn't* you? What *does* it matter who the places belong to? It's *absurd*! War is all very well at *first*; it makes a little change, and often gives us a new color or a fashion; but it ought to stop quite, *quite* soon, or it becomes a *bore*; and you may take it as a cert that the Great Powers won't *stand* being bored!"

And they were such darlings, and seemed so pleased, and laughed so much with me and with each other, that I thought peace was *assured*. It's no use trying to do good in this wicked world.

One of the new departures this season has been that several popular people have turned themselves into companies. The first to do it was Bobby Brillmore, who makes things go so splendidly at dinners and dances

and country houses. And so, as old Lord Brokeystone's allowance to his younger sons is immensely tiny, and as Bobby found life a harder problem than even the *hardest* thinker does, while at the same time he was simply snowed under with invitations, he thought he'd turn his popularity to account. And now he's a company with

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offices in the City and a trade motto that he cribbed from Soap or Cocoa or something—"Have him in your Houses"—and anyone who wants him must take shares. (Norty says the shares are already quoted on 'Change!) Quite an idea, isn't it? Perhaps I may follow suit and become, Ever thine,

Blanche (Ltd. !)

OLD WOMEN.

"An old wife's tale." "He's an old woman." So does a man express his contempt for another man in the briefest form he knows. "Silly old thing," is the feminine, more especially a girl's variant. In this brevity there is no wit. An old man is sometimes a pitiful spectacle, an old woman hardly ever. Very often pathetic, she may excite pity, but in the pity there will be no contempt, only regard. Aged women will not serve as laughing-stocks; the proverbial phrase is false even than most proverbs. In fact does anyone ever feel inclined to laugh at an old woman because she is old? Decency might account for our not laughing at her, but do we in our hearts feel inclined to? If one runs over in his mind the old women he knows, from the aristocratic great old lady to the old widow in the cottage or the ancient fishwife, not one of them is a figure to dismiss with contempt. It would not strike any of us to do it. Very wisely; for old women unlike most old men seem to gather wit with age and are keenest in the last phase. There are, and have always been, far more brilliant old women than brilliant young ones. Many an old woman can talk politics with any man, and throw into her talk a point and verve that none who is not a fool will be at all inclined to trifle with. If he does, he will certainly be pricked.

Her mind seems to expand with years, taking a larger interest in the world and everything around her than she did in middle age. She cares for bigger things. Hence she is less fond of scandal. Nearly all, both men and women, are fond of personal talk, which is seldom not scandalous at all, but the idea that old women are especially fond of it is quite untrue. Age seems to affect women, at any rate all the best women, as the sun perfects fruit. Years seem to purge away most of the distinctively feminine faults. The petulance, the cunning, the underhandedness, the silliness, the thirst for admiration, the craving to attract, die down, and the finer qualities grow over the place they leave. Neither is beauty lost. No doubt an old woman can be preternaturally, infernally, ugly; but it is because she is bad. No good old woman is ugly. Look at a group of them in an almshouse; a great artist will find much more worth painting in them than in a bevy of girls. Every one of us knows some old lady obviously more beautiful than any young woman ever could be. What is finer than the stately old aristocrat, in her dignified black lace bright against her white hair? Every movement of her mittened hand is a thing of grace; and her voice and words agree. The æsthetic appeal of a poor old woman's face is so obvious

as to have become hackneyed. Every painter has felt it. Everyone, not a blank philistine, who has been amongst the working classes, has felt it. Ruskin felt it; necessarily.

And old women are interesting. To tell the truth, not many young women are. (We have not said young men are.) Childhood and youth has the interest of the future, the unknown. Once that is resolved, only age, the store of long years, can bring again the interest that has gone. Now it is the interest of the past. And women acquire this with much less of drawback than do most men. The lines of an old woman's face who has brought up and launched a family on the world are a moving story. Alone, her life's work done, she sits and contemplates the past and waits calmly for the future. She is generally happy. So unphilosophic in the hey-day, most old women are more philosophic than old men. They seem to chafe less. They are "waiting for the consolation of Israel." Nearing the end does not as a rule seem to bring the undis-

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covered country within view of us mortals. Most of us are of this world until we are of another. And this is true of most excellent Christians as well as of others. While they live and have their being in this world, they cannot see beyond. It has nothing to do with belief or faith. But there are some, and oftenest old women, in whom one seems to see the soul actually taking on the hue of the heavenly kingdom which it is nearing. Not detached from the present, still full of interest in all around—nothing trance-like or ecstatic—it takes the other world into this. The face gets more and more spiritualized, more etherealized, until it seems impossible to hold it here any longer. As S. Paul would say, for such a one to depart and be with Christ is far better. He who has had an old mother and watched this transformation will put nothing beside it. If one had to write a last word, he could hardly say anything truer than that the most lovable of all things is an old woman.

THE ETHICS OF RECEIVING.

No animal, no savage, no young child, and no prideless person can possibly realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Christianity, in giving expression to this strange fact of second nature, pays a direct tribute to human dignity in its more sophisticated form. The moral position of giver and receiver is a very odd one. Generosity cannot exist without recipients, yet it is, roughly speaking, true that while the best men give most readily they receive most reluctantly. We are not speaking, of course, of those presents which, whatever their form and whatever their value, are the mere embodiments of affection.

We are speaking of such gifts as may be considered in the light of grants in aid of necessity, or simply as gratuities. Such grants and such gratuities are often observed by the looker-on to resemble narcotics. They allay suffering or they give a sensation of delight, but sometimes they act on the spirit as sedative medicines act on the physique. When their immediate effect is past they are seen to have done as much harm as good. They become moral depressants. Men of natural independence fear to have recourse to them.

On the other hand, there is no one in the world who does not wish to re-

ceive kindness, and kindness, for convenience' sake, must often consent to be represented by money. In these days commercial transactions cannot be altogether carried out by barter, and in the same way charity, even charity used in its highest sense, cannot altogether divorce itself from money. If, however, money and worldly advantage can be kept in the background, it is true that the receiver is often happier than the giver. It is within every man's power to do a kindness, but perhaps no one delights in doing a kindness as much as he has delighted in receiving one. An unexpected kindness may alter at a critical moment a man's whole outlook on life. These obvious facts have embodied themselves in many conventions. The saying that money should not pass between friends takes for granted all that we have been saying, while suggesting at the same time that relations stand, owing to the traditional homogeneity of the family, upon a different footing. It is upon this saying that almost all the conventions about giving and taking which rule society to-day rest. Great efforts are made both by the generous and the grateful to avoid the passage of actual coin. Money's worth must be substituted for money. Wedding presents and election expenses may be quoted as an exception to the rule, but for the most part it holds good. For instance, a rich man may lend his poorer friend his house; he must not give him a money equivalent for the loan; and however much a millionaire might wish to ease the burden of a professional friend by gifts of banknotes he will risk his friendship if he makes bold to offer them. We have been told that it is still a moot point whether or no a rich man may take his friends abroad and afford them all the luxuries of travel without offering an affront to their self-respect. Comfort in travel de-

pends so immediately upon money that in this instance it is difficult to keep the little sordid golden facts of the case quite covered up—and one cannot help thinking that the question will be decided before long in a manner to restrict the rich man's generosity.

But after all why should not a proud man take money from his richer friend? Why should he feel it derogatory to take what is freely given? Would not the doing away of this convention sweeten social relations and tend to smooth over those disparities of lot which cause so much friction in the social world? We very much doubt if this would be the case. The rich would be strengthened and the poor weakened. At present the rich man's power is effectually limited, within his own class, by the poor man's pride. For good or for evil he cannot do all that he would with his money. Again, there will always be hundreds of lazy scoundrels who seek gifts from a rich man, who beg continually because they dare not steal. A self-respecting man must keep some visible barrier between himself and such as these. This is one great reason why he hesitates to accept. But there are, of course, many more subtle reasons. The word "gift" is one to which many significances attach; so is the word "mine." A gift very often means a price, though it is sometimes only the price of gratitude. The money we make is ours to do as we like with. Every individual who earns it may truly say, "It is mine." The money we inherit is at least ours in trust for someone else. Over a gift we can seldom feel the same right. The giver has, or thinks he has, a right of criticism; his gift is almost always tacitly conditional, and after it the receiver feels less his own man. Irsome as is this infringement of independence, a gift bestowed without conditions,

simply because the giver has more than he wants, conveys the suggestion of money flung at the recipient. The first instinct of a proud man is to fling it back. It is like perfunctory sympathy offered to a person in trouble. Anyone would rather be without it. None of these things holds good where wide class differences exist. A beggar is not hurt by a flung coin, and almost every sensible poor man takes pleasure in a gift from a social height above him and feels no humiliation in its use. To ask why these things are is to indict the present social system, which is far from our present purpose. It is among equals that pride rules most tyrannically, and among themselves the poor are as proud as we. Besides, class distinctions cut both ways. A gift from a poor man gives very often the greatest pleasure to a rich one. It costs the giver much. Yet it is always accepted, where a present from a millionaire representing the same proportion of his fortune would be refused.

Considering how keenly a man with a small income often regrets his powerlessness to help a friend in financial need, and considering how strong is the love of giving in many people who never have a chance to exercise it, it is really extraordinary that receiving should be to many persons the effort that it is. To a vast number of people the thought of living upon charity, even upon the charity of relations, is of the nature of a nightmare. It is not only that they feel the position humiliating, for it is but little ameliorated by the thought that the giver is rich and would never miss it, kind and takes no credit for it, generous and incapable of enforcing obedience by means of his money. The man who bears dependence cheerfully when circumstances force it on him as he would bear any other visitation of God is a hero, and has overcome the

world. The bread of charity cannot be made sweet. It is essentially bitter if it comes from those who live upon our own social platform. There is something very wearing about the constant thought of money. No conscientious man who lives on charity can ever waste. To feel a duty towards every penny that they spend is in itself to many persons a slavery. It is a close moral confinement which becomes unendurable to them. Women feel it less than men, being more accustomed to give account and to detailed responsibility. For a man who has been independent to become dependent is one of the hardest trials of life. We all know men for whom we should fear the temptation of suicide if such a crushing blow fell upon them. The fear is so great and so universal that in this matter of independence men do not even put complete trust in their own children. How many men avoid the death duties by the simple expedient of making over their fortunes to their children in their lifetime? Not enough taxpayers do it to affect the revenue.

But when all has been said in praise of the proud, it remains true that the man or woman who knows how to take graciously is a most attractive character. Certain people are dogged by financial misfortune. As a rule, no doubt, their misfortunes are partly their own fault. They are careless or stupid or credulous, or they secretly despise and hate the subject of money, and will not pay attention to it. A small minority of civilized people would like to live where they never heard of money, and they do not even care for what money brings. There are more brothers and sisters of poverty than ever take vows. Occasionally, however, their misfortunes are accounted for by their virtues. They are, as their impatient friends say, too good for this world. They are

fitted to live among an exclusive society of the good, but among a morally mixed crowd they can hardly keep body and soul together. These guileless if helpless persons are always gracious receivers, and as they want little, the world, if it knows of their distress, will always give them enough. For, after all, it is not a bad but a "middling" world, and is glad that harmless people should be happy. These simple people are the only really good people who can owe their bread

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to their equals without pain and grief. Almstaking, if it is to be done well, necessitates far rarer qualities than almsgiving. The people who are willing to take and to depend touch the top and the bottom. It comes easy only to saints and good-for-nothings. What then about the duty of giving? It is like the duty of forgiving. It is a duty which it is no man's duty to impose upon another, but from which he himself can never get away.

MEDICAL SCIENCE AND THE CONGRESS.

The International Medical Congress recently held in London has at least served to call public attention to medical progress. As a rule, scientific congresses are not much favored by scientific workers. Science does not easily lend itself to oral discussion; it makes no room for eloquence or repartee; and is obliged to take so many facts into consideration that there is never enough time at a meeting to deal with all of them. Some specialist reads an opening paper; if it is new, there is probably no one else who has yet been over the same ground; and if it is not new, there is little more to be said about it. Probably, moreover, few other workers in the same line are present; while those who are not workers but who wish to say something are numerous. The principal speeches must be generalized to be comprehensible to the non-specialists, and are therefore of little interest to the specialists; and the few resolutions passed are seldom really discussed by the true authorities on the subject, and consequently carry little weight. Also, in Britain we have the bad habit of entrusting the chief addresses, not to leading men of science, but too often to local politicians and others

who, however eminent they may be here, are unknown to foreign workers, and, in fact, do not deserve the office—and I have heard very caustic remarks made upon this point. The result is that our congresses add little of value to science, and are generally and principally pleasant social gatherings.

The "Manchester Guardian" confesses to a "feeling of disappointment that we have not done better in the Congress," and it is a good opportunity to explain why this is the case. Like other sciences, medicine commenced in what may be called subsistence, that is, the mere record and classification of facts without organized attempt to determine causes; and, from the time of the ancients, innumerable physicians have been engaged upon the differentiation of diseases and the invention and testing of cures, the explanations both of the diseases and of the cures being, of course, quite beyond them, except in hypothesis. Nevertheless, all this has yielded a large body of useful knowledge, and even some general theorems, such as the communicability of certain maladies from man to man, and the relation of others to foul water or soil, and to marshes. It has also led

to, or taken part in, the discovery of several useful medicines—opium, quinine, mercury, and so on—and to the early development of surgery. And the same excellent line of study is still continued in the form of hundreds of clinical papers published every week in the medical press.

But the study of causes commenced from without. One root developed from the investigation of the normal machinery of the body, commencing in ancient times, and growing rapidly after Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood; and this was a fundamental basis for investigation of abnormal affections of the body. But, if possible, a still more important root sprang from zoology—from the studies of various large parasites of men and of animals made during the last three centuries by Continental workers whose names have never been even heard of by the general public. They dissected, figured, and classed these most extraordinary creatures (of which Nature takes as great care as she takes of man himself), and finally ascertained the often wonderful methods by which they pass from one "host" to another. We should class these men among the *very great* of humanity, and far above the quacks who take too often that place in public opinion.

The perfection of the microscope about the middle of last century led to the extension of this line of inquiry to small parasites—to the minute animal parasites discovered by Laveran and others in tropical diseases, and to the equally small vegetable parasites called bacteria, the disease-producing properties of which were ascertained by Pasteur, and by the exact methods of Koch. (Lister's work was scarcely a scientific discovery so much as the application of the parasite-theory of disease to the prevention of septic diseases of

wounds, but was not less important for that reason; and Jenner's previous work on vaccination was independent of any theory of patho-genesis.) These fundamental discoveries have led to numerous more recent advances. The causative agents of most of the great infective diseases of men and animals have been definitely ascertained, and can be grown artificially. Preventive "vaccines," based upon Jenner's work, have been prepared for plague, cholera, typhoid and other maladies, and are largely used. The methods by which the causative agents pass from man to man have been elucidated—especially as regards the great insect-borne diseases of the tropics; and the information has led directly to new and potent sanitary measures. The wonderful method of "serum diagnosis" often enables the physician to obtain exact knowledge regarding the nature of the patient's illness; and that of "serum therapy," to treat him with a cure prepared by Nature herself—as, for instance, in the case of the antivenines which are antidote to snake-bite. The whole subject of the reaction of the body against diseases, and of spontaneous cure and acquired immunity, is receiving close microscopical, chemical, and even mathematical study, which is sure to bring improved methods of treatment and prevention; and the long list of chemical compounds is being ransacked with success to find germicidal substances.

With the exception of the case of insect-borne diseases, in which we have been able to lead the way in consequence of our larger tropical possessions, nearly all of the greater advances since the time of Lister have been made on the continent of Europe, especially in Germany and France. We have perhaps held our own with regard to clinical studies, but have been behind-hand in other respects. We were late in attacking bacteriology,

and failed to use Laveran's discovery, even in practice, for nearly twenty years. Outside medicine, I do not see that Britain has taken, or is taking, the lead in many or any of the more recent world-movements in science or invention. The reasons for this are many; and one of them will be found excellently set forth in an article on the "Sporting Life," in *The Nation* of August 9th, while another one lies in our quaint pre-occupations with party politics. But the chief reason as regards medical science in this country is that such work does not pay the worker. Merely clinical observations often do so, certainly, by leading to an improved medical practice; but deep and exclusive investigation of the more formidable medical problems finds, even if successful, no adequate return to the man who undertakes it. The salaries are wretched—much less than the incomes obtained in ordinary good professional practice—and there is little or no pension. But this is not the only disability. The most laborious researches often fail to have any decisive result, while those who conduct them are too often passed over, generally for inadequate reasons, in the

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filling of the few fairly lucrative posts open to them in this country. The result is that able young doctors generally leave the scientific line on the first opportunity for clinical practice. And, to be frank, this is the simple reason for the defect lamented by the "Manchester Guardian." It is also one reason why such terrible problems as that of cancer still remain unsolved, and why thousands of people living to-day will probably die of diseases which will be found to be preventable or curable when their cause has been ascertained—too late, I fear, to help the people referred to.

Hitherto, this country has been getting its medical research done for almost nothing—that is to say, really at the expense of the enthusiasts who have been willing to sacrifice themselves and their children for the world's good. The attitude is scarcely justifiable; and I hope soon to show what should be done. In the meantime, the lesson which I read in the proceedings of the Congress is that it is time for Britain to make a change in the treatment of its intellectual workers if it wishes to retain a high place in the respect of the civilized world.

Ronald Ross.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Girl readers who are weary of the average girls' story will find "The Sunbridge Girls at Six Star Ranch" by Eleanor Stuart (L. C. Page & Co.) an agreeable and exciting change. Ordinarily it is for boys that the stories of ranch life and broncho-busting are written; but in this story it is a merry group of girls, wisely chaperoned,—the "Happy Hexagons" they call themselves because they happen to be six in number—who make the journey all the way from New Hampshire to

Texas and enjoy hugely a vacation amid novel surroundings. The story is brightly told and full of incident. There are a half dozen illustrations by Frank J. Murch.

Arthur Ransome's little book on "Oscar Wilde" is an interesting bit of literary criticism and appreciation. It gives the outlines of biography and does not ignore the moral tragedy of his life; but its main purpose is to appraise the value of his literary work,

which it does with at least sufficient enthusiasm. It is a little early for a final estimate of Wilde's place in literature. Perhaps the truth is to be found half way between this ardent appreciation and the disparaging views of the poet's sterner critics. Mitchell Kennerley, publisher.

Followers of the "New Thought" will welcome two books by the late James Allen, one of the ablest exponents and also one of the finest exemplars of that doctrine. "Meditations," edited by Lily L. Allen, brings together, in an attractively printed volume, selections from James Allen's published and unpublished writings, a page for each day in the year, each selection presenting compactly and pungently some reflection upon human conduct and character. "Foundation Stones," printed from one of the last of the author's manuscripts, embodies the fruit of personal experience and long reflection in a series of brief essays upon right principles, sound methods, true actions and speech, and good results. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

"The Quest of the Best" by William De Witt Hyde, President of Bowdoin College, is a practical discussion of the ethics of boy-life, intended, not for boys, but for parents, teachers, Christian Association workers and others who have at heart the guidance of boys into the best and highest life. As the author explains in his preface, the book originated in his work with a small class of Bowdoin students, his own lectures being submitted to their criticisms and suggestions, and revised and expanded accordingly; while later, delivered as lectures to a large assembly of expert workers with boys, they were further modified or extended by the incorporation of ideas there expressed. The result is a book which, while it is compactly and forcibly pre-

sented, embodies the fruits of a wide and varied experience and presents lessons gathered from many different points of view. Its ideals are high; and its methods are sympathetic and sensible. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.

"The Little Window" of Helen M. Hodsdon's little story with that title is a window which a stern and obstinate New England spinster, possessed of the traditional New England conscience, kept closed and shuttered against a younger sister who had disgraced the family by marrying a scapegrace; but which, moved by the pungent preaching of a lecturer whom she heard by chance, she was impelled to open again and so to pave the way to a reconciliation. How the preaching wrought upon her conscience and how the reconciliation was brought about is prettily told. A still more pathetic little story, from the press of the same publishers, the Thomas Y. Crowell Co., is "Their Christmas Golden Wedding," by Caroline Abbot Stanley. This is the story of an aged couple, a Civil War veteran and his wife, who had been separated and established in different homes through the mistaken kindness of their children, but who eloped from their children's care, and re-established themselves in their old home, in season to celebrate together their golden wedding. Readers who remember the combined humor and pathos of the same author's "The First Church's Christmas Barrel," will want to read this little tale, which exhibits the same qualities. Four illustrations by Emily Hall Chamberlin decorate "The Little Window," and four illustrations in color, by Emlen McConnell, interpret the other story.

"Once upon a time we all walked on the golden road: . . . we heard the song of the morning stars; we

drank in fragrances aerial and sweet as a hay mist; we were rich in gossamer fancies and iris hopes." So writes L. M. Montgomery in the brief "foreword" prefixed to "The Golden Road," the sixth of the "Anne of Green Gables" series, and upon that beautiful highway of youth she leads the Story Girl and her friends, Cicely and Dan, Peter and Felix, Felicity and Sarah Ray, the luckless and tearful, and a few of their elders, not too old to marry or enjoy a joke, and very pretty is the chronicle of their innocent doings. Eccentricity abounds in Prince Edward's Island and the descriptions of its conduct are as diverting as they can be, and by way of a last touch the Story Girl and her friends conduct a little newspaper of limitless queeriness. The last chapter sees the chief characters, old and young, on their way to Paris and a new life, and others are to seek new scenes, and nobody can guess what the next book may bring. Miss Montgomery is as reticent as life itself. "Kilmeny of the Orchard" will always stand first in the affections of those who enjoy Miss Montgomery's work, and in "The Golden Road" she resumes those happy descriptions of winter and summer, seed time and harvest, and thus sets her company of girls and boys against a fair background, not easy to forget. A colored portrait of the Story Girl by George Gibbs serves as a frontispiece and brightens the cover, and the book is dedicated "To Aunt Mary Lawson." L. C. Page & Co.

The title of Mr. John Masefield's "The Story of the Round House" leaves the reader to guess whether railway or ocean is to be its theatre, but the first of its iambic pentameters removes his doubt by a reference to the "watch on deck," and thence forward, to the end of the poem giving the book its name,

one is not allowed to forget the bitter, salt, unchanging sea. Further, there is nothing allusive about this piece of Mr. Masefield's work: he not only calls a spade a spade, but he specifies the exact position of the makers' stamp on the handle; e.g., he is not content to say that his hero, Dauber, who ships as a common seaman that he may learn how to paint the wondrous way of a ship in the sea, "scrubs" the deck. He specifically informs one that he "scrubbed the deck with sand, until his knees were blue with dye from his wet dungerees." This enriches one's vocabulary, but the verse is not poetry, and Mr. Masefield probably knows it much better than any reader can, and having said it, one may forget the flaws and pass to the beauties of the poem. It is a woeful tragedy upon which one is bidden to gaze: the tragedy of a spirit battered by the shock of material things upon its earthly tenement, until at last, thrust forth by a crowning blow, hurling its body from the fore-topgallant yard to the deck, it passes, crying aloud, "It will go on." "A smart young seaman he was getting to be," is his epitaph in the minds of his mates, and the ship sails onward to her berth, "so noble, so superb," and Dauber is forgotten, his cruel nickname all that remains of him. It is a masterpiece of desolation that lies before one's vision as one closes the book. This is a second and revised edition, from which one may draw the agreeable inference that the first was successful. The first of the poems bound with it, "Biography," will not bear condensation, and no lover of true poetry or true poets would patiently endure an attempt to condense it. The pieces filling the latter half of the volume are noteworthy in various ways, but "Dauber" is in its right place, at the head of the rhythmic company. The Macmillan Company.